

# SAINT PAULS.

MAY, 1868.

## ALL FOR GREED.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### THE TRIAL.

Nor only the letter came, but the Admiral himself brought it, and at this point nothing could be clearer than the defence. Martin Prévost's letter to Raoul was dated the 18th of October, the day before his death, and ran thus;—

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

“I have well considered your request, and I have decided to grant it. Here are the two thousand francs for which you seem to have such pressing need. You most likely exaggerate the use they will be of to you; if not, I shall be glad to have helped you, and if they do serve you, and you repay me, you will have taught me that a kindness is not always thrown away. Hitherto I have found that it did no good whatever, either to the doer or the receiver.

“Yours truly,

“MARTIN PRÉVOST.”

The Juge d'Instruction was so vexed that he tried several means of neutralising the effect of this document;—suggested that it might be forged! but its authenticity was immediately proved. Then he flatly declared that it did not diminish the probability of the prisoner's guilt, for that he might, having received these two thousand francs, have murdered old Prévost in order to obtain more.

Raoul had been forced to avow a part of the real truth, and to admit that this sum of two thousand francs was given to M. Léon Duprez that he might speculate with it! This was tortured into a heavy charge against him, and he was denounced as one of those adventurers of our age, who will “do anything to get money!”

Raoul now confessed that when the sum confided to Léon Duprez

was lost, his position became—to himself—intolerable, for he was no longer indebted to a man who, remembering the service rendered to his own mother by Madame de Morville, requited it voluntarily by a service to the latter's son; he stood indebted to Monsieur Richard Prévost, a man he scarcely knew, and had no particular reason to like, and he could not even reveal the circumstance of the debt owing to the uncle. "I had but one thing for ever before my eyes," said Raoul; "the necessity for saving every sou of my salary, in order one day to be able to relate the facts to Monsieur Richard while returning him his money." In order to do this he had deprived himself of the very necessities of life, and this was his simple reason for taking at night a fourteen miles' walk across the country instead of paying the three francs to the diligence from the station.

Not only did the magistrate refuse to admit this explanation, but it was evident that the avowals of pecuniary embarrassment to which,—however humiliating they were,—Raoul was obliged to have recourse, prejudiced his examiners still more against him. He was, by his own showing, extremely poor, therefore, argued the French judicial mind, capable of anything! It would take a vast deal now to make out his innocence. The Admiral,—who discovered his nephew's real position in all its details for the first time,—behaved admirably, and assured Richard Prévost that the money owing to his uncle should be refunded in a week, the time to write to Paris and go through the formalities of getting the sum cashed through the Post Office. This did something, but still other circumstances were not got rid of; and one fresh circumstance had occurred which looked very ugly indeed for Monsieur de Morville.

It was proved by two or three witnesses that the letter R was written over and over by the Breton between, or by the side of the P's and M's. They were great big capital letters. They were existent on the 25th of April,—the day of the St. Marc,—and they were non-existent on the morning of the 27th, when the Maire went up to la Chapelle à Prosper. Now, a dozen persons remembered Raoul's presence at the fête of the 25th, and his being one of the group to whom the son of the Juge de Paix told the story of the "large capital R's," after which the Maire had said he would go up and "see the whole with his own eyes."

But, worse again than this, a farm labourer who was coming across from Jouzy in the middle of the night of the 26th, and who took the short cut by the path leading near Prosper's shed, was surprised by seeing some one rubbing very hard at the board where the Breton's "images" were known to be drawn. He thought it was the bûcheron himself, and went nearer, but it was not him, it was a bourgeois, and he wore a straw hat.

"Was it like the one the prisoner usually wore?" asked the juge.

"Well;—" the witness couldn't say, "but he rather thought it

was!" It was bright moonlight, but he only saw the man's back. Witness was in a great hurry, for he was going to see his wife who was in service at D——; and who was ill, and he had to be back again at Jonzy by seven or eight o'clock in the morning. This again told sadly against Raoul. Evidently the letters meant Prosper and Morel, and Raoul and Morville; the thing was as clear as day, and all further interrogatories now were time wasted, so at least the judge opined; and he made out the committal of both prisoners, who were both despatched to the Central Jail of the Department, situate in the Chef Lieu.

Six weeks passed by, and towards the middle of June the case was to come on. The Chef lieu du Département was a small town, and could scarcely house all the people who flocked to it to be present at the trial. Besides that, a large number of the principal inhabitants of D—— were forced to attend as witnesses. The Vénancour family, the Curé, Richard Prévost, the doctor, the Maire, in short most of the notables of D—— had to take up their quarters for a few days, at all events, at the assize town.

The acte d'accusation was made out with an unmistakable animus against Raoul, whilst the Breton was treated as a wretched, weak-witted, superstitious tool in the younger man's hands; and after the trial had lasted three days the impression touching Monsieur de Morville's culpability had not been removed. Monsieur le Curé's persuasion of his innocence had never varied from the moment the letter from old Prévost was found sending him the two thousand francs. He scouted all idea of his not being loudly pronounced guiltless, and obliged poor Vévette to share his belief, and to preserve strength enough to hide her own secret from her father and sister.

It was a lovely June evening, and Félicie and Vévette were sitting at the open window of their little salon in the hotel of the "Armes de Bretagne," when the doctor came in. "Well," cried Vévette, eagerly, "to-day's 'audience' seems to have been very favourable! Papa's testimony, he thinks, produced a real effect. What a shame it is to keep on torturing a man in such a way when they know he is innocent, and that he must be acquitted!"

"Doctor," said Félicie, more calmly, "you look uneasy; has anything fresh occurred? The trial lasted long to-day."

"Yes," rejoined the doctor, "something has happened that is unpleasant. The testimony of the man, Colin Mercier, who saw some one rubbing at the black board behind Prosper's chapel, but did not see who it was, might be got over, for Monsieur Raoul had probability on his side when he said that it would have been a most extraordinary fact that he should be up in the woods at one o'clock in the morning instead of being quietly at home in his bed; but——"

"So then it was at one o'clock in the morning the man was seen rubbing out those great big R's?" interrupted Vévette, with an accent of contempt.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "but that is not all. Raoul's argument was destroyed. For unhappily at eleven o'clock on that very same night Raoul was met by Daniel Leroux, the farrier, coming down the lane from the church at D——, and after exchanging a bon soir with him, Daniel saw him walk on towards the high road and cross it."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Félicie, with a vivacity unusual in her, "Mon Dieu! this is dreadful."

"It is very perplexing," added the doctor thoughtfully, "for this time, you see, he was recognised."

"What did Raoul say to that?" asked Félicie, with anxiety.

"He turned white as a sheet, I am sorry to say, and absolutely refused to answer one other question."

"The case stands thus, then," observed Vévette, who had neither stirred nor spoken; "at one o'clock on the night of the 26th to the 27th, Raoul is now supposed to have been seen erasing those initial letters which point at him, and at eleven on that night he was positively spoken to on the road. That is a strong case against him," she added slowly, and with a curious intensity of look and tone.

"It is so," rejoined the doctor.

Vévette seemed absorbed in her reflections. "As he is not guilty," she said after a pause, and as if speaking to herself, "there is a murderer somewhere,—but who is it?"

"Probably old Prosper alone," remarked the doctor, "and all the rest is in his imagination; but the case is a bad one for Monsieur Raoul, for, unluckily, when you come to have to do with justice, innocence and acquittal are not the same thing."

"And Raoul might be condemned?" said Vévette.

"You take it quietly!" retorted Félicie; "but it is a most horrible thing. And the question is of the life of a man we have known all our lives,—a man of our own class, too!"

"Human life is an awful thing before God, be it whose it may!" murmured Vévette, and there was a solemnity about her that must have struck her two companions had they not been too busy with their own thoughts.

Vévette sat still and silent till the doctor rose to go, and then she rose too, and left the room. It was twilight now, and the moon was just heaving herself slowly up behind the towers of the cathedral. It was a glorious evening. The next morning was the fourth day of the trial, and at ten o'clock as usual the judges took their seats upon the bench. The court was crowded, as it had been on each day. The windows had to be opened on account of the heat, and a long ray of bright sunlight streamed in, and fell upon the crucifix at the extreme end of the long low hall, and just at the President's back.

The prisoners were brought in, and, accompanied by the gendarmes, took their places on the seats allotted for the accused. The Breton looked as he had done all along, a perfect type of illuminated stupidity,



if you can conceive the two things going together. Half of the time he was on his knees, with his bony hands clasped together on his breast, or busy telling a big chaplet of wooden beads, with his wandering eyes glaring out of his gaunt head, casting mute appealing glances at the crucifix. In Raoul there was a great change; a fearful change since the previous day; so said those who had been present at the last audience. He was frightfully pale, and there was an air of stern despair about him that chilled those who gazed.

Just as the President was about to declare the day's sitting open, an usher of the court was observed to put a letter into his hands. The judge read it apparently with great attention, and then, as he seated himself, said;—"In virtue of our discretionary powers we admit Mademoiselle Geneviève de Vérancour to depose to a fact which bears upon the present so important and so complicated trial. Let her come forward."

At these words Raoul started back as though he had been shot, and leant against the wooden partition which separated the dock from the public. Through the crowd there ran one of those quivering vibrations familiar to all who know the magnetic impulses of crowds, and this was followed by a deathlike stillness, as through the parting waves of the human sea two figures passed, preceded by the usher of the court. It was the silence of awe. Vêvette, simply attired in a plain grey stuff gown, with a little white bonnet, and black veil, came forward, leaning upon the arm of the Curé for support.

"Collect yourself, and do not be alarmed," said the President kindly, as the Curé took off the veil from the sweet face of the girl, who at that moment seemed to have fainted. "Let a chair be brought for the witness."

But she had recovered herself already. "I can stand," she said, in a low but audible tone, and she came one step on, resting her left hand upon the Curé's stout right arm. "I am quite ready."

"Your name, age, and domicile?" asked the President, with an expression which was almost paternal in spite of his august and terrible functions.

"Marie Angélique Anne Geneviève de Vérancour; seventeen last March; resident at the Château de D——," was the reply, in a low but firm voice.

"You have a deposition to make which Monsieur le Curé of D—— tells us is of great importance to the case under examination; is that so?"

The girl trembled convulsively, made a hurried sign of the cross, and as though, at the last moment, losing all her courage, clasped her hands in agony, and turning to the priest, ejaculated;—"Oh, mon père!"

Raoul dropped upon both knees, buried his head upon his arms crossed upon the bar, and groaned audibly. White, as though every

drop of blood had left her, stiff as though she were a corpse risen out of her coffin, Vévette now stood forward, and in a voice, the singularly penetrating tones of which will be remembered to their dying day by all who heard them, she spoke thus. "Monsieur le President, on the night of the 26th to the 27th of April last, at one o'clock after midnight, Monsieur Raoul de Morville was with me in the pavilion of the garden belonging to my father's house,—the pavilion, the entrance to which is through the door in the so-called 'Rampart,' opening into the lane leading to the church. At a little before twelve he first came into the pavilion, where I had been waiting for him since a little past ten. It was a good deal past one when he left. This, I affirm upon oath."

There ran a hushed murmur through the crowd like the whisper of the awakening wind through leafy trees. Every individual ear and eye were strained towards Mademoiselle de Vêrancour, every individual breath was held. "God in heaven bless the girl!" suddenly burst from the lips of the poor Admiral, down whose bronzed cheeks the tears trickled unconsciously. "She is a hero!"

The President imposed silence on the public, and saying it was necessary to resist all emotion, proceeded with his formal interrogatory. When he asked the accused what he had to say to the statement of the last witness, Raoul raised his head, and cast an involuntary look of such passionate love at Vévette that it stirred the soul of every man and woman there, and then, lowering his eyes to the ground, "Mademoiselle de Vêrancour," said he, "was my dead sister's friend; we have all been brought up together as brother and sisters; she has wished to save my life; but I cannot admit the truth of her depositions."

But at this Vévette rose up, lovingly indignant. All shame was gone, and all girlish indecision. The woman was there fighting for her love, and stepping forward to the table in front of the bench, on which were laid the written accusations, she spoke again. "Monsieur le President," she said, in a clear, sweet voice that rang through the court, "I ask permission to make a detailed statement of facts. We shall see whether Monsieur de Morville will deny what I have to assert. It is true we were brought up together as brother and sister; but we grew to be more; and we had sworn to each other to be one day man and wife. Monsieur de Morville's object in life was to earn honourably what would render it possible for him to ask my father for my hand. I did not know of the hopes he had had of a quicker realisation of this wish. I knew that his uncle the Admiral had obtained for him a position in Paris. When the father of Monsieur de Morville fell suddenly ill, and he returned to D—— on leave, I saw at once that he was very unhappy, and I feared—I can't say what; for I had but one fear, lest something should separate us. We had no means of meeting save in secret, and that was extremely diffi-

cult. He was to return to Paris in a few days ; I was too wretched ! I could not bear it ! I wrote to him and told him to come to the pavilion in the garden at ten or half-past ten at night, where I would meet him. I was sure every one would be gone to bed by that time, and that I could go out without being perceived. I was in the pavilion before half-past ten, and I waited. I heard every hour and half hour strike ;—half-past nine, then ten, then half-past, then eleven, and then half-past eleven ; and then at last he came, and we talked long of all our hopes and fears. It was likely to be our last meeting for we could not say how long ; and we were, and we are, all in the whole world to each other ! At last one o'clock struck ! Everybody knows what a loud deep bell our parish church has. You can hear it miles distant. When I heard that I was frightened, and told him it was time for him to go. We spoke a few more last words and then we parted, and when I got up the terrace steps and went through the dining-room window, the half-hour after one was striking. Ask Monsieur de Morville if he can deny that !” she added, a smile of absolute triumph curling her fevered lips. “Ask him for the few lines I wrote him. He will have certainly kept them !”

“Accused, what have you to say ?” repeated the President.

But Raoul was powerless ; crushed by both despair and joy. To have the intensity of poor Vévette's love for him thus proved, and at the same time to feel that were she his wife the next day it would not, in public esteem, restore the bloom to her honour ; this was too much, and coming after so much misery it utterly vanquished him. He had covered his face with his hands, and was sobbing like a child. There were few in the crowd who were not weeping too, at sight of these two poor young lovers, who were trying so hard to see which should sacrifice most to the other.

At last, Monsieur de Morville stood up, and, with quivering features, said, “Monsieur le President ! I appeal to you not as a judge, but as a man. I cannot answer ! You feel that I have nothing to say !”

“Then I have !” exclaimed Mademoiselle de Vérancour, and, turning towards the prisoner—

“Raoul !” she cried, “remember that the worst is told. On your life hangs my life, and my honour can only be retrieved by our love. Raoul, for the love of God, and for my sake, speak, and tell all the truth !”

There was a pause, during which you heard how each man held his breath, and then, with downcast eyes and singular embarrassment, Raoul confirmed all that Vévette had said.

“When did you receive the witness's letter ?” was asked of him.

“About eight o'clock, at the café. I had but just the time to run across the fields to La Morvillière, speak to Brigitte,—my father's old servant,—make her believe I was gone to bed, and then steal out of the house by the back way, and walk back again to D——. It takes

a good hour and a quarter to go from D—— to our house, and it was striking eleven when I turned into the lane that skirts the kitchen garden of the Château. I stopped to see that there was no one near, and I heard footsteps. I walked down the lane, and Daniel Leroux, the farrier, passed. He said good-night to me, and I answered his greeting. The last stroke of eleven was striking then. I immediately went on. Instead of going to the gate that opens into the garden, I went past it, walked right by Leroux, keeping before him till I reached the high road, there I crossed, and went straight into the woods, watching to see him out of sight. He took to the right hand up the road towards his own house, and when I no longer feared to be seen, I came out from the trees, re-crossed the road, ran down the lane, opened the gate, and in the pavilion found Vé—Mademoiselle Geneviève waiting. All she has said is true," he concluded in an almost inaudible voice. At this moment Raoul's innocence was the innate conviction of every human being present; but there was still a great deal to be elucidated.

"How did you contrive to get your note given to Monsieur de Morville?" inquired the President.

"I gave it to Mère Jubine's daughter Louison," replied Vévette, blushing deeply.

"At what hour?"

"At about four."

"Did you tell her to deliver it directly?"

"Yes; at once, without any delay."

Louise Jubine, who was amongst the witnesses, and had already deposed to some minor detail, was recalled. She was a very fine looking girl, rather over-dressed for her station.

After the preliminary questions, all of which she answered in confirmation of Vévette's deposition, the President addressed her. "If you received that note at four, with charge to deliver it at once, why did you only give it to the accused at past eight?"

Louison hung her head, grew scarlet, twisted her cap-strings round her fingers, and said she had "rather not reply."

"But you must reply," retorted the Judge, sternly. "You are upon oath, and if you don't answer truly, I will send you to prison."

Louison trembled all over, but when the question was again put she stammered out,—

"Because, before taking it to Monsieur Raoul, I gave it to Monsieur Richard Prévost." A strange murmur arose from the crowd at this announcement.

"Why did you do this?" inquired the Judge. "Tell the whole truth, girl, or beware of the consequences."

"Because," she answered, with a little less difficulty, "Monsieur Richard had told me, ever since Monsieur Raoul's return from Paris, always to tell him everything that went on between Monsieur Raoul

and the Château, and particularly whatever concerned Monsieur Raoul and Mademoiselle Vévette."

"And you were so intimate with Monsieur Richard that you implicitly obeyed all his commands?" added the Judge.

The girl put her handkerchief to her face, and her reply was inaudible. Monsieur Richard was now called as a witness and sworn in. He looked ghastly. He said the heat and his long-continued state of ill health made him quite faint. The President ordered a chair to be brought for the witness. When the question was put to him, WHY he had given to Louise Jubine the directions she had stated, he said he was absolutely ignorant of the whole thing, and that Louison had invented the entire story. And so saying, he attempted to make light of it, and smile, but his lips stuck to his teeth as though they were gummed, and the smile wouldn't come.

All this time the bûcheron had remained immovable, muttering his prayers, telling his beads, and gazing at the crucifix. "Prosper Morel!" said the President, "do you still persist in declaring that Raoul de Morville was not your accomplice?"

"I don't know him!" reiterated the old man, with a gesture of impatience. "I have said so all along.

"Then who was your accomplice?"

"I will not answer that," mumbled the woodcutter. "I murdered my master. Let me go to my doom in peace. Let me go to my expiation!"

"Prosper Morel!" suddenly exclaimed the Curé, in a loud, solemn tone, and the prisoner rose to his feet mechanically, and stood stiff, as a soldier at "attention." "Prosper Morel!" he repeated, "I told you to distrust your own heart, and to beware of revenge; but the truth must out. You must speak, for your silence will cause a second murder to be committed."—The Breton shook and shrunk into himself.—"Prosper Morel! as you hope at your last hour for forgiveness from Him,"—and the priest stretched forth his arm and pointed at the figure of Christ over the tribunal,—"tell the whole truth now! The innocent must be saved. Who was it tempted you to murder Martin Prévost?"

The old man clutched his beads with a tighter grasp, and as though compelled by a power he dared not resist. "Monsieur Richard!" he said, in a hollow tone, and then took to telling his beads again, as though he were telling them for his very soul.

---

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE SENTENCE.

THE whole situation was altogether changed by the arrest and imprisonment of Richard Prévost, which ensued immediately on Prosper's

confession. After the first few preliminary questions had been put to the woodcutter and to his newly-discovered accomplice, the proceedings of that day were suddenly brought to a close, and the trial was suspended for two or three days, while a fresh act of indictment was made out, which placed Monsieur Richard by the side of the other two prisoners, accused of the murder of his uncle, Martin Prévost. During this short lapse of time poor Vévette had other terrible battles to fight; but nothing daunted her now, and she fought all her enemies stoutly,—even her father and sister. As might be supposed, Mademoiselle Félicie's virtuous resentment passed all description, and she was for adopting the most stringent measures. The Vicomte had decreed the immediate removal of his erring child to her convent at Poitiers, in spite of the protests and supplications of the Curé of D—. The Admiral proposed that a first cousin of his own, an elderly widow lady, inhabiting a country house in the environs of the Chef Lieu, and proverbial for the severity of her morals and piety, should take charge of Mademoiselle de Vêrancour till her marriage with Monsieur de Morville. "She shall never marry him," had replied the Vicomte.

When this was repeated to Vévette, she merely sat down and wrote a note to her father, of which she sent a copy to her sister also. It only contained these words;—"You have forced me into rebellion, when all I asked was humbly to implore your pardon. Marry Raoul I will. I would have married him at the foot of the scaffold. If any obstacle be put in the way of this union, and of my possibility of doing my duty and ensuring his happiness, I will proclaim the betrothal of my sister to Richard Prévost in all its details. I am driven to this. I would rather die than do it, but I will not sacrifice Raoul." The answer to this was, that the unnatural and abandoned girl might do what she chose, and go whither she listed; that her father cast her off, and desired never again to hear her name.

Félicie's secret was saved, and the Admiral, accompanied by the Curé, placed Vévette under the care of the Baronne de Prévile, who for the time being promised to be as a mother to her.

The trial was resumed three days after its suspension, and in the corner of the seat devoted to the accused was now seated Monsieur Richard, a miserable object truly; so wizened and shrivelled that twenty years seemed to have passed over him; and as he sat, with his head propped upon a pillow, he perpetually smelt at a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, and seemed for ever trying to persuade himself that, rich as he was, no harm could in the end come to him. His defence of himself was so utterly weak and silly, he so evidently broke down the instant he was seized in the pitiless machinery of legal investigation, that morally his guilt was plain at once, and—said the technical men—"he deprived the case of all its interest from the outset."

Raoul's position was now a totally altered one, and his whole bearing

showed it. He knew his innocence was triumphantly proved, and he could afford to feel, if not pity for the two wretched men between whom he stood, at all events awe at what was likely to be the judgment for their crime. The aspect of old Prosper had also undergone a change. All traces of insanity had disappeared, but a terrible war was being waged by the Breton between his gratified revenge and his strong desire not to imperil his immortal soul. Every now and then a glance of tiger-like fierceness shot out from his eyes, and went scorching over his fellow-culprit, to be suddenly atoned for by convulsive mutterings of prayers.

The story told by Prosper Morel was simply this ;—His master had, upon the last complaint made against him by the Maire for poaching, discharged him with such exceeding harshness, that he had vowed to be revenged. Besides, he had no earthly means of gaining his bread ; and he was frightened past all reasoning by the prospect of dying of hunger in a ditch. Well ; his old master gave him a respite, and consented to keep him on “for this once ;” but he, Prosper, did not forgive his master, and his fright endured, for he felt he might be sent adrift at any hour. Of this state of his mind “Monsieur Richard,” as he always called him, took advantage ; and only a very few days after old Prévost had agreed to give the bûcheron another trial, the young man tempted him to his fall.

The following was the mode of perpetration of the deed :—On the night of the 13th of October the bûcheron, who was lying in wait in the kitchen garden just beyond the courtyard, was introduced by Richard Prévost into the latter’s own room, while Madame Jean was giving his supper to Nicholas down in the kitchen. Nothing could be easier, and concealment was perfect. Monsieur Richard pretexted one of his feverish headaches ;—said good-night to his uncle,—who was, as usual, busy with accounts,—and retired to his own room, where he had concealed Prosper.

The only little circumstance that was at all out of the common way was elicited from Madame Jean in her testimony as to what had occurred on that night. Monsieur Richard, she said, invariably slept without a night-light, having on a table by his bed-side a candle and a plentiful supply of lucifer-matches. On the night of the 13th, however, he said he should like a night-lamp, for that the pain in his head was so severe that he might, perhaps, not have strength to strike a light, should he want one during the night. A lamp was accordingly placed on the chimney-piece, and prevented Richard Prévost from being in the dark, all alone with the future murderer of his uncle.

The bûcheron’s description of the hours that then elapsed was that he himself had slept a good part of the time, but that, whenever he woke up, he saw Monsieur Richard in his arm-chair, sitting up reading by the light of the little lamp. About five o’clock, he said, the atmo-



sphere grew chilly, and Monsieur Richard shivered very much, and got up and took a bottle from a cupboard, and gave him,—Prosper Morel,—a glass of something to drink, which made him feel reckless of anything or anybody. It was neither brandy nor rum ;—he knew the taste of both ; it was a white liquor, very strong, but very bitter. Monsieur Richard then softly opened his door, beckoned Prosper on, and they crossed over the passage to the lumber-room, where, with the implements the Breton had in his pockets, they, without making the least noise, took out the window-pane. That done,—which was the work of a quarter of an hour,—they went back into Monsieur Richard's room, and waited till Madame Jean should have got up and gone out to mass, and Nicholas have set forth on the errand to the post-office which Monsieur Richard knew had been given him overnight. A few minutes before half-past six the house was empty of every one save Martin Prévost. When they heard the house door close on Madame Jean, Monsieur Richard unlocked his room-door, let out Prosper Morel, and, pointing with his finger to the room upstairs, whispered these words ; “ Whatever ready money there is in the caisse shall be yours.”

“ And then I went upstairs and did it,” said the old man ; “ and when all was over I stamped three times on the floor,—as we had agreed I should do ;—and Monsieur Richard came up, but he only came to the door. He would not come in. He pointed to a small deal box standing on the drawers. I brought it to him. Then he said I must empty the large open drawer of the caisse, over which ‘ Monsieur ’ had been standing when I struck him. I did so. He put, as I have already stated, all the gold and notes and pocket-books into the deal box, and gave it to me, and then, too, he showed me the shoes, and I shut ‘ Monsieur’s ’ door, and we went downstairs, and I got away.” The bûcheron said he supposed Monsieur Richard had gone to bed directly after he had seen him,—Prosper,—safely on the other side of the courtyard.

To all this Richard Prévost opposed only the weakest system of defence, and so utterly miserable was his whole attitude, that upon the face of the eminent barrister appointed to defend him, and lured down from Paris at a moment's notice, and at almost the cost of his own weight in gold, you might read the blankest disappointment, and something nearly akin to disgust. His sagacity, however, quickly told him that on his own client could he rest no hopes of success ; but that on the eccentricity of the Breton's character must depend his last chance of obtaining a mitigation of his client's fate. So he endeavoured to prove the absolute madness of the woodcutter, and built the entire system of the defence on the fact of Prosper having been the only murderer, and all the rest being simply hallucination. But this did not now suit the old man's humour : he had been brought to tell the whole story, and now that it was told, he strenuously



resisted every attempt to impugn the thorough accuracy of his depositions.

"I was discharged by the Juge d'Instruction as innocent," said he. "I had nothing more to fear. I was free! If the truth, and the fear of God's justice had not driven me to it, I needed never to be where I now am. For the first few weeks after the deed, I did not seem to mind it much,—only I did not like seeing anything that reminded me of 'Monsieur.' I lived up yonder, only coming down into D—— to church. But I took to getting sleepless at nights; and in all my dreams, when I did sleep, I saw my old master, and he pursued me and haunted me. He said he could not get up, and I have sometimes felt him crawling about my feet, and catching hold of them, and asking me to help him to get up. . . . Well, then, the judgment of God came, and on All Souls'-day of last year He put it into Monsieur le Curé's mouth to say the words that were to save my soul. Since then you know all. I have no more to say. I murdered my master, and now, for the love of our dear Lord Jesus, let me go to my doom; let me expiate what I have done, and secure the salvation of my soul!" Beyond this he would not go, but every one felt he had told the truth, and all the rhetoric of the French bar would have been powerless to alter their conviction.

When the presiding Judge put it to the jury whether the three accused were guilty of the murder of Martin Prévost, those twelve wise citizens returned to the box after a five minutes' absence, and their foreman gave as a verdict that, as to the accused De Morville, not so much as a shade of suspicion rested upon him; that, as to the other two, they found Richard Prévost and Prosper Morel guilty of the wilful murder of Martin Prévost, but with "extenuating circumstances!"

Whether these wonderful "circumstances," inseparable, as it would now seem, from the verdict delivered upon every difficult case in France, were really attributable to the complications of the trial itself, which passed the understanding of the jury, or to the eloquence of the defendant's counsel, was never known.—That eloquent pleader said the whole was owing to him, and he was paid in proportion.

The sentence was, of course, penal servitude for life.

When the sentence was passed, Richard Prévost had fainted, and had to be carried away apparently lifeless, and the Breton dropped his beads from his hands, and stood transfixed. When the gendarmes touched him and forced him to move, he clasped his hands as if in agony, and went his way between the two guardians of the law, muttering the "*De profundis*" over and over, with the convulsive ardour of sheer despair.

---

## CHAPTER XXV.

## CONCLUSION.

DURING the few days that the bûcheron remained in prison previous to his removal to his permanent place of detention, he was quite inconsolable, and inaccessible even to the arguments of the Curé who attended him constantly. His one fixed idea being that the sacrifice of blood was alone valuable, and that by his death alone could he expiate his crime, Prosper regarded himself as doomed to eternal punishment through the unbelief of his judges. The notion that, from sheer impiety, the earthly umpires of his fate had refused to help him to the salvation of his soul, so filled the Breton with rage, that every now and then he gave it vent in the most fiercely gloomy denunciations against all his countrymen in general, but in particular against those of the spot where he had sinned and been sentenced. It was of no use that the Curé sought to persuade him that, by submission, he might expiate his crime; and that the long-enduring silent horrors of penal servitude might be turned to an even better account than death. It was all of no use. Death was his chimera,—his passion,—and he despaired because he had been deprived of it.

The two last days, however, of his stay in prison he had become more calm, had quietly partaken of his prison fare; and, when told that four-and-twenty hours later he would be “translated” to his final destination, he had asked pardon of his jailer for all the trouble he had given him. When his cell was opened the next morning he was found dead. He had hung himself.

The means by which he achieved his end were not easy. Dressing himself in his upper clothing, he had taken off his shirt and twisted it into a thick rope. He had contrived to draw his bed under the kind of square loophole which served him as a window, and heaping table and chair upon the bed, had been able to reach to the iron bars, round which he managed to knot his newly-invented cord. The rest was not difficult. It merely required the overthrow of the chair and table. Both were found upon the ground. The old man had accomplished his purpose, and had carried out what he believed to be the Law. In his dark superstitious mind the fact of the punishment constituted everything, and in his craving to be redeemed by paying the price of blood, he wholly lost sight of the sin of self-murder.

As to Richard Prévost, it was impossible to execute his sentence, for he never left his bed again, and lingered two months in the jail-infirmiry. He shrunk from the Curé of D—, but longed for doctors, for he fancied they could make him live; and he loved life so dearly! It was all one that life was to be infamy. It was life!—That it was to be poverty, labour, silence, solitude,—no matter; it was to be life!—To go on breathing, feeding, sleeping, and waiting for the

next day! Dr. Javal came from Cholet, and examined him, and said there was no need for him to die; and Richard caught at this, and would have kissed Dr. Javal's hands; and the old doctor from D——, with a queer sort of expression on his face, observed, that there might be no need for him to die, but that the great difficulty was that, somehow or other, he couldn't live. "People will die sometimes," said he, "although we think they ought to remain alive." After passing through a species of typhus-fever, and jaundice, and then a low fever that resembled ague, Richard Prévost was obliged to hear that he had not many days to live, and that he had better wind up his accounts with the other world. This announcement terrified him less than had been supposed, for his strength was so exhausted that the tight grip itself with which he had held life was relaxing, and he would probably let existence go without any very great struggle.

And so it was. When "the time came," he had no longer any power left wherewith to retain what he had ceased to be able to use, or, indeed, to comprehend. He sent to St. Philbert for the Abbé le Roy, and confessed to him. The strong piety, the robust faith of the Curé of D—— were too much for him; he dreaded them, and foresaw comfort in the small practices and small prayers, in the medals, beads, and images of the narrow-minded priest of St. Philbert. He wanted some one to hush-up his conscience and tell him "not to be afraid;" and this he got. The Abbé le Roy, indeed, called his end an edifying one; and, from the way in which he spoke of it, very nearly ran the risk of inspiring naughty boys with the notion that crime was a fine thing if it necessarily brought about such sweet humility in the departing criminal. Richard Prévost confessed. Yes, confessed everything! and did not seem to find any particular hardship therein.

When all was told, of course the Abbé le Roy impressed upon his penitent the necessity of making public whatever was not of a private nature in his confession; so that, while the name of Félicie was never guessed at by a living creature, the details of the crime Richard had instigated were fully revealed. Every word the Breton had spoken was strictly true. Richard Prévost had tempted him to murder the old man, and the murder was committed precisely as Prosper Morel had stated. The one thing alone about which Richard really did seem to care was Raoul de Morville's forgiveness, which, of course, was generously granted. He said he could not withstand what the circumstances of Raoul's letter prompted him to do; and once that letter in the hands of the Juge d'Instruction, things took their own course, and Richard Prévost believed himself safe.

He had heard with terror of the "capital R's" drawn by Prosper amongst his other figures, and resolved to invent some means of destroying them;—for he thought they indicated an intention on

Prosper's part to accuse him. He had naturally kept watch on Raoul, —and enlisted Louison for that purpose into his service; —for he never knew what might occur; and when he read Vévette's note to the latter, he, —Richard, —felt certain that there must be two or three hours in the night for the employment of which Raoul could never account. By this he profited; stole out of his own house by the back way, went up to the bûcheron's shed, found him asleep, effaced all trace of the fatal letters, and believed no one had seen him; but persuaded himself that, had any one done so, it would be easy to turn suspicion towards Monsieur de Morville.

When Richard Prévost had ended his terrible confession, the Abbé le Roy began to indulge in descriptions of the various and irresistible forms which "the demon" takes in order to lead men astray; and by sheer force of habit, he warned his penitent, as if there were any further opportunities of transgression lying before him. Above all, he was hard upon Satan, for having assumed the shape of the unwitting, and so pious, and well brought up Mademoiselle Félicie! "It is always thus!" said he; "it is by that most unholy, most abominable of all passions, love, that the demon plots the fall of men. If you had not been driven to madness by your unhappy uncle's refusal to allow you to aspire to the object of your choice, you would never——"

The dying man stopped him. "Pardon, mon père," he whispered, laying his cold clammy fingers on the priest's arm, "I am innocent there;—quite innocent; it was not for Mademoiselle Félicie; I could have done without her! but I saw that my uncle might live a long time, and that I might die before he did even; that, at best, I should probably be long past my youth when I got his money; and that seemed to me so very, very sad, so unjust, that it became unbearable; and I was tempted, as I have told you. Indeed, that is the truth, the entire truth. Not Mademoiselle Félicie! no, no! I really could have done without her!" And that was the truth, and the Abbé le Roy was glad that it was so.

And so the cause of sin was not love, but greed. Impatience! impatience to enjoy!

One person,—the only one from whom no secret could be kept,—fully confirmed Richard Prévost's statement, and that person was Madame Jean. "Seigneur Jésus!" said she, when the priest of St. Philbert talked with her over her deceased young master. "I should never have suspected Monsieur Richard of loving any one. I won't swear that he was capable of becoming a saint for money, but I would have sworn that he was incapable of committing a crime for love!" Now Madame Jean herself did, four weeks after Richard Prévost's demise, marry the Brigadier de Gendarmerie, and she gave as a reason that, "you couldn't tell whom to trust!" which enigmatical sentence was interpreted by the evil-minded into meaning that

Madame Jean was afraid, if she did not marry the gendarme, of being murdered by him in order that he might steal her money.

As to Mademoiselle Félicie, her situation became promptly a satisfactory one,—which was gratifying, considering what a practical, right-thinking, meritorious young person she was, with so well-regulated a mind! “All in such perfect equilibrium,” said the public. She went, immediately after the trial, to stay at Tours, with the worldly-minded relative who had been in the habit of sending her and her sister Paris newspapers. There she completely enslaved a stout, good-looking, middle-aged colonel, almost as well-born as he was intellectually common-place, and possessed of fortune sufficient to render the post of mistress of his house an agreeable one. With him Félicie de Vêrancour contracted a marriage which was a model for all proper and sensible marriages between well-born people. No hint of her so nearly becoming Madame de Châteaubreville with the thousands a year of the then unsuspected criminal to spend, and for which, had the position been achieved, the whole department would have courted her;—no hint of this will ever, believe me, get abroad. Félicie will always, as she does now, go into that society which deems itself the best, and in it she will continue to be esteemed and honoured, being at the same time only just enough pitied, to prevent her being envied, for her close connection with that blameable young woman her sister, whom, to the end of time, Félicie will with a shudder of mourning virtue style “that unfortunate creature!”

And what of Vévette? No opposition of any kind being offered by the Vicomte, the necessary formalities were accomplished, and Raoul and Vévette became man and wife, the ceremony being performed by the Curé of D——, and the Admiral being the chief witness. The Curé made them no discourse upon the occasion, he only blessed them from the depths of his very heart, and solemnly told them to be all in all to each other.

The Admiral immediately offered a home to Raoul and his wife, until he could find some employment for the former. They all proceeded to Paris, taking with them Monsieur de Morville the elder, whose unconscious state saved him from all the miseries which had fallen on those nearest to him. The Admiral's means were not large, but he was respected, and had influence. He soon obtained for his nephew the post of vice-consul in one of the Spanish Republics of South America. It was an unhealthy place, where no man of any value would go, but where, if he could contrive to preserve life, fortune might be honestly made by a clever enterprising man. Of course Raoul accepted, and so did Vévette, and they went forth together hand in hand, serene and grave, trustful in Providence, and convinced that total unselfishness alone, and passionate devotion to another, can sweeten the solemnity of life.

In the world they left behind them, both were severely judged.

After the first emotion was over, the public unanimously condemned poor Vévette, and the masculine part of the community were angrily taken to task by all their female relatives if they allowed an expression of interest or compassion for her to escape them. "What an example for Julie or Marie, or Catherine or Louise!" That was the argument used, and it never failed of its effect; and the brow-beaten male, whenever it was applied to him, hung his head and felt small; and so poor Vévette came to be regarded everywhere as a black, black sheep, and in one heart only, in that of the Curé of D——, will she for ever remain a "ewe lamb."

If in ten or fifteen years Monsieur and Madame de Morville,—as is very possible,—return from their tropical exile wealthy, and with the renown of excellent services attaching to Raoul's name, they will be what is termed "well received," and perform the irksome function which is described as "going everywhere," but "Society" will be on its guard against any intimate adoption of them; and the institution called in France *La Famille* will regard them as a menace, for Pater and Mater-familias will cordially unite in holding up their hands at sight of this erring couple, who, not content with loving, went and married for love.

That is the real crime; the mere love is to be got over. Here and there a broken heart—voilà tout! No much harm therein; but to go marrying for love;—oh! no!

"What would become of us all," would cry Society in France, "if the matrimonial association were once to be established on the all-for-love principle!"

---

## THE IRISH CHURCH DEBATE.

---

THERE are manifestly two points of view, distinctly different one from the other, under which the great debate on the Irish Church Establishment is regarded by the public; that, namely, which does in truth affect the Irish Church, and that which touches the position of her Majesty's Ministers. We will frankly acknowledge that, in our opinion, those two views of what was to be achieved by the debate were as distinctly visible to the eyes of Mr. Gladstone and his supporters as they are to those of the public; and we are disposed even to go somewhat further than this in our agreement with certain supporters of the existing Government, and to acknowledge that, of the two causes for the debate which we have stated, that which we have named the first may probably have been regarded by those who originated and conducted the debate as being, on the special occasion in question, only subsidiary to the other. It is, indeed, natural that this should have been so in the minds of all eager and earnest politicians. Whether the Irish Church Establishment shall stand or fall is doubtless a matter of much more moment than the life or death of any ministry. But the life of the Irish Church did not depend on the debate, whereas the life of the ministry did. The position of the Irish Church is a political question than which none at the present moment can be of greater moment, not only in reference to the condition of Ireland, but in regard to the condition of men's minds on the subject of all Church matters,—whether the Church is to be or is not to be subordinate to parliamentary discretion as to its status in these dominions. But we may assert that the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment was a foregone conclusion in the minds of all liberal politicians before this debate was commenced or planned; and we may perhaps venture to express our opinion that it has been almost equally a foregone conclusion in the minds of those who are not liberal, and who would defend the Irish Church to the last gasp of their eloquence and the last nib of their pen if such defence were any longer feasible. Men have known that the Irish Church Establishment was doomed. It was but the other day that an Irish bishop whispered in our ears that, if this or that had been done, the Establishment would have been saved for another ten years! That was the opinion of an earnest friend,—but of a friend who knew that it was dying. The Irish Church has been as a tree dead and waiting the axe, of which men have said, now for many days, that it should no longer cumber the



ground. But we in England are slow in such movements. A tree must be very dead indeed,—absolutely dead,—before we raise the axe against it. And when it be thus dead, the cutting of it down becomes to us always a matter of party contest. And then, the thing to be done being a certainty,—a foregone conclusion,—the spirit with which it is done depends upon the need for a party fight rather than on the merits of the thing for which we are fighting.

We insist upon this at the present moment because a complaint of factious opposition has been raised against Mr. Gladstone and his supporters,—not only by Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues, whence it was natural that such accusation should come,—but by Liberals also, such as Earl Grey, in his letter to Mr. Bright, who has seemed on this occasion to ignore the necessity for party fighting in the British Parliament. When has such fighting not been necessary? Is there a man living who knew aught of what was doing in 1866, and who did not know that the Reform debates were a debate for power,—a fight as to which party should sit on which side of the House of Commons? The question in debate may be one of more or less urgency. The debate on a corn-law, when a people is starving, is one of absolute urgency; and in such a case factious opposition,—an opposition conducted for party purposes,—would be incredibly wicked. Consequently the opposition to Sir Robert Peel when he was about to repeal the corn-laws at the time of the Irish famine was not factious, was not a party opposition. The men who divided against him in the House of Commons were the small remnant of the House who still believed in the corn-laws as being good for the country at large. The debate on the old Reform Bill, when London was in arms and the country thoroughly aroused, was one of such urgency that party opposition was no longer possible; and therefore, in 1831, party opposition was at an end. But subsequent Reform Bills have been different in their nature, and have been fair subjects for party fights. The same may now be said of the Irish Church. The condition of Ireland is of all public matters the most urgent at the present moment, and the Church Establishment in Ireland is no doubt the salient point in Irish matters. Nevertheless it cannot be held that because Fenianism has been more or less rampant, therefore the Irish Church Establishment must be abolished now, on the spur of the moment,—as it was necessary to abolish the corn-laws when the people were dying. But for that very reason,—because the urgency is less,—the question is one fit for a party contest.

We wonder whether Earl Grey had forgotten, when in his letter to Mr. Bright he deprecated Mr. Gladstone's movement, that the country is keen to know who are to be its rulers,—is specially anxious to know who is to be its chief ruler. When men who at heart are moderate, and who wish to be reasonable in their political aspirations, talk of measures as being all-important as in opposition to men, they



seem to forget that the comfort and utility and easy working of all government depend very greatly on the trust of those who are governed in the men who govern them. We may say that if Lord Westmeath and Mr. Whalley were put up to lead in the Lords and in the Commons, the country would be very uneasy, even though the two Houses should submit themselves to such leaders. We all know that the Houses would not so submit themselves, and that such leading is impossible. But the argument is the same in reference to Mr. Disraeli and Lord Malmesbury,—or to Mr. Gladstone and Lord Russell. This leadership of which we speak is matter of extreme moment to the country at large. Our Prime Minister is to us our ruling spirit for the time. To a man whose political feelings are hot within him, it is a matter of daily anxiety that the leader in whom he believes should be the leading man. And to such a man, when he believes also that his own party possesses an undoubted majority, not only in the House of Commons, but in the country, it comes to be an absolute wrong, an injury that afflicts him hourly, that he, having found the way to be in sympathy with the majority of his countrymen, should be subject to the rule of those who are excluded from such sympathy.

Of course the question remains, as to the side in politics to which the sympathy of the majority belongs. It is open to argument that Mr. Disraeli is the minister who, of all ministers possible in England, is and would be the most popular and the most trusted. In opposition to such argument there is the only fact to which we can trust for showing us that he is not so regarded. He does not command a majority of the House of Commons. During the two last sessions of Parliament he and his party have enjoyed ascendancy, although, as has been well known, the majority of the House of Commons have sat on the benches opposite to him. How and why this has been so we will not now repeat. We trust that the stories of the Cave and the Tea-room may form episodes in Parliamentary history from which the historian may be able to draw useful lessons. But we maintain that it had become especially necessary, not simply for the good of Mr. Gladstone and his immediate followers, but for the sake of the liberal side in English politics generally, that it should be ascertained before a general election took place what is the state of the present House,—so that constituencies might know what men would follow what leaders. We think that the country is not content to be ruled by Mr. Disraeli. We think that the country would be content to be ruled by Mr. Gladstone. We acknowledge readily that this is a matter of opinion, in which we may be wrong or right. Whether we are wrong or right nothing but a general election can show. But we feel quite certain that the liberal leaders in the House were right in taking the earliest possible opportunity of showing us what was the relative strength of the two parties in the House at the present moment.

Measures, not men, would be a very good cry, if we could have our measures direct from Heaven; but, seeing that we have to look to men for our measures,—not only for such great measures as those which the country can carry even against a party in power, and which come up perhaps once in twenty years, but also for those small measures which, though they do not stir our pulses, are by their frequency of equal importance to us,—seeing that these things must be in the hands of our Parliamentary leaders, we are above all things anxious that Parliament should be led by men in whom we have confidence. To take gifts from Greeks, to expect good things from unwilling donors, to look for real reform from a party of politicians who do not,—who cannot,—love reform, is not satisfactory. We, the Liberals, have fought our Parliamentary battles badly of late. We acknowledge so much. We have been stiff-necked, too confident in our power and numbers, impatient of control, awkward, and forgetful of old Parliamentary lessons. Of these faults Mr. Disraeli has enjoyed the results, and we acknowledge that we grudge them to him. We do not think that the country intended that he should be its Prime Minister, and we do think that the sooner he ceases to be so the better the country will like it. That being a plain and important issue, to be tried only by one process,—by a process known and common,—we regard the charge of factious fighting in the late debate as fatuous and beside the mark. We desire to be factious, if it be factious to support that faction or side in politics which is supported by a decided majority of our countrymen, and to strive by all fighting that is fair and constitutional to place that side or faction in the position which it is entitled to hold.

No doubt such issue may be raised on a matter that is unworthy, or in a manner that is unfair. In all such battles it should be the object of the political party that is struggling for victory to achieve something beyond party victory,—something with the victory, something that shall help the good cause. We have always thought that a proposition to the House of Commons for a vote of want of confidence in ministers should, if possible, be avoided as being in itself barren. It may become expedient that the issue shall be tried after this barren fashion;—but in that it is barren, it is to be regretted. The House of Commons in its great struggles moves necessarily so slowly, and its strength for work is consumed for so long a period by the energy wanted for a good stand-up fight, that it is always well that something should be done in the fighting; some evil thing brought nearer to its grave, some good thing assisted towards its birth; some progress done beyond that of deciding who are to be the doers. Can any one deny that such was achieved in the debate which went on from the 30th of March to the 3rd of April? We have been told over and over again that it was the duty of Mr. Gladstone, if he desired that the liberal side of the House should try a fall with

the Government, to move for a vote of want of confidence. He has moved for such a vote, and has carried it; but he has also, at the same time, taken, not the first,—by no means the first,—but the chief and most efficacious step towards a great reform. It is vain to say that because the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment may probably not be carried in this session,—may possibly not be carried by this Parliament,—that therefore the movement will have been futile, and that nothing will have been done. Do we not all know how these things go, and how great is the efficacy of a decision given by a full House of Commons after a prolonged debate? Does not every note we hear, whether of triumph or of wailing, tell us that the blow has been stricken, and that the thing is accomplished, whether it be for good or for evil? Does any existing clerical commoner now look forward to become a peer as an Irish bishop? Is there a hope left on the one side, or a fear on the other? Do men doubt now that any new Queen's speech made by this Government or by that would recommend to Parliament the "settlement" of the question of the Irish Church? And yet we are told that because this debate has taken place in a moribund Parliament, that it has been of itself nothing, and that its purpose has simply been that of faction. The position of the Irish Church had become the question of the day, and it was necessary that it should be decided. And there was another question,—whether Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues were so supported by the House of Commons as to enable them to carry on the Government. That also has been decided. The very largeness of the majority by which these questions have been answered has in itself been the strongest proof of the propriety of the issue which has been raised.

But there has been another accusation made against the opposition;—that the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church has been introduced to the House with indecent haste. "This question," said Mr. Disraeli, "having been brought before the House and the country somewhat suddenly, as all will admit, the Government had to consider what was the proper mode in which to encounter it." He tells us again, immediately afterwards, that the question has been brought forward "under circumstances, as it appears to us, of precipitation," and that it is a question "which attracts and even alarms the public and the House." He speaks afterwards of the want of intimation that the subject was to be brought forward, and is aghast that Parliament should be invited to repeal the solemn muniments of the Act of Union at eight days' notice. Of all accusations this is really the most absurd. For years past the public have been prepared for the coming measure by speeches in Parliament, by newspaper articles, by pamphlets, and by that long system of preparatory skirmishing, without which no great political or ecclesiastical change has a chance of finding itself carried in

England. The note of warning has been sounded daily for the last ten years, till it has grown to be a conviction in the mind of every man that the disestablishment of the Irish Church is simply a question of time. And we would ask Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues whether it has generally been considered the duty of an opposition to give notice of their movements to the Government, as it is the undoubted duty of the Government to give notice to Parliament of the measures which they intend to propose? The details of all great measures must come before our Parliament from the hands of Government,—as must the details of this measure before it can become law,—and it is of course essential that such details shall have the consideration, not only of members of Parliament, but also of the public, before they can be passed and placed in the book of statutes. But we have never heard that any such duty rested on the opposition. If the proposition of any independent member be too crude, the ready answer is in the refusal of the House to be burdened at length with hearing it. But to complain of precipitancy in regard to a proposition which has been before the country for many years, and for accepting which a large majority of the House of Commons shows itself to be prepared, does appear to be somewhat vain.

There has, too, been much throwing of unnecessary stones. When such stones come from glass-houses, how can they be efficacious for any hostile purpose? Some letter of Mr. Gladstone's was quoted by Mr. Hardy, from which it was apparent that Mr. Gladstone, when he wrote it, three years since, did not think that the Irish Church question would receive its solution so quickly as it now appears likely that it will do. What the letter really was no one, it seems, knows, as it has not been seen, nor is it forthcoming. Mr. Gladstone, however, owns that some such letter was written, and that since the writing of it he has changed his opinion. Have no statesmen changed their opinions in other matters? Did Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Hardy feel a matured confidence in household suffrage three years before they introduced the measure to Parliament? Was there no precipitancy there?—precipitancy even on the part of Government? Were we prepared by the occupants of the Treasury Bench for household suffrage, by a long and cautious notice, before they asked the House to assent to it? There was not even eight days' notice before the House was told what it was to expect. We think but little of such charges of inconsistency against statesmen, knowing that all useful politicians must have elastic minds, capable of continued and ever fresh education,—of varying capacity, indeed, in this matter,—and that no leader in Parliament can afford to nail his colours to the mast. But such charges made from one side must be answered by recrimination from the other. Whose patience could suffice to endure in silence charges of inconsistency from Mr. Hardy, and of bitterness of invective from Mr. Disraeli?

We assert, too, in reply to that accusation of suddenness, that the whole of this session and much of the work of former sessions have been the customary preludes to the proposition which has been before the House, and to the resolutions which are now to be moved in Committee. Mr. Maguire brought the whole state of Ireland before the House of Commons as soon after the meeting of Parliament as it was possible, and then, also, there was a long debate. We think that the upshot of that debate was by no means favourable to Mr. Maguire's assertions. It seemed to us at that time that the speech of Mr. Lowe, though it was characterised by that tone of contempt for the masses of the people which has now become the plainest mark of the man, was in essentials nearer to the truth than any other then made. Mr. Maguire, no doubt, carried with him in the debate a large section of the Liberal party; but he did not succeed, even with the aid of the Liberal party, in proving that Ireland is suffering much wrong,—other than that which is incidental to this Church question. There was some slight movement of public opinion at the time; but it could not be shown that American Fenianism was proof of any general discontent in Ireland. The English people could not be made to believe that facilities for emigration,—in other words, an opened pathway from the crowded old world to the free wealth of a world that is still new,—constituted an injury either to those who went or to those who remained behind. Rents punctually paid, wages rising throughout the country, and a people refusing to rebel when rebellion was brought to their door, were not symptoms of hardship or of discontent. Two Irish Secretaries in two successive sessions had brought forward, but had failed, from want of urgency in the matter, to carry out, certain measures for protecting tenants in the outlay of capital on their holdings. That of the Tory Irish Secretary, then Lord Naas, now Earl Mayo, was the better proposition of the two, as it would have enabled the tenant to claim compensation for certain improvements made even without the landlord's sanction; whereas that of Mr. Fortescue confined such claims to improvements to which the landlord had given his assent. The unreasonableness, we may almost say the absurdity, of those who in their endeavour to prescribe for the material grievances of Ireland have gone much beyond such moderate propositions as these, is the strong proof that no greater measures of relief are needed. We need only allude to the prescription for Irish malady which has been offered to us by a man so great as Mr. Mill, and to the manner in which that prescription has been treated by Lord Dufferin, to show the point which men will reach when they attempt to find for a nation or for a people a royal road to prosperity.

Nothing but industry will make prosperity. Free land,—land absolutely free,—will not affect it. No tyranny, we may almost say no evil rule, can crush it, while industry is true to itself. Ireland is entitled to be ruled justly; and it is undoubtedly the object of

English law-makers to do her justice. She has been injured by evil laws,—though we much doubt whether the injury so inflicted has been as efficient in producing her state of poverty as men suppose. There remains the one grievance of the Irish Church,—no less a grievance in that it is but little felt by the mass of the people themselves,—and for the honour of the British Parliament, if not for the relief of Ireland, it is necessary that that grievance should be removed.

The late debate must be regarded as indicating the evil, and as calling for its removal, and not as containing in any way propositions for its remedy. "I do not think," said Mr. Gladstone, "that it would become me, either at the present moment or at any subsequent stage of the debate which may or may not follow, to make myself responsible in all its important and complex details for a plan which shall have for its aim to give effect to my purpose." Had Mr. Gladstone been in power when he made his proposition, or had any suggestion respecting the Irish Church come from the present Government, it would of course have been necessary that the details of a remedial measure should be given. In so vast a matter such details must come from the Treasury Bench. Parliament is now committed to the dis-establishment of the Irish Church, and is so committed that we are entitled to demand that there shall be men on the Treasury Bench who will prepare such details. Regarding the matter in this light, and with Mr. Disraeli's bold assurance still ringing in our ears that he, as long as he shall remain Prime Minister, will oppose to the utmost of his ability the attempt that is being made; with Mr. Hardy's assertion before us that the present Government will as a whole offer every opposition to such a resolution as that which has been under consideration, we think it certain that the present Ministry must resign on this question. That they should do so without an appeal to the country,—though such appeal can hardly serve them,—is not perhaps to be expected; and that they should have recourse to a general election before the Reform Bills for the three kingdoms are in operation is most undesirable. For these reasons, and in this way, the measure may be staved off for yet another year. There will probably be twelve more months given for consideration of the necessary details. But that a substantial measure shall be proposed in the next session for the complete severance of Church and State as far as Ireland is concerned, the country should now be able to regard as certain. It is impossible to anticipate that a new House of Commons should be assembled so different from the present House as not to stultify itself,—and damnify itself,—should it venture to show a disregard for a decision arrived at by a majority of 56,—and by a division in which 600 members voted.

We have said that Mr. Gladstone was bound to avoid details in making his proposition from the Opposition benches. He fell, after all, into the fault of committing himself to too many details, of

indicating too minutely his own views of the manner in which the property of the Irish Church Establishment should be applied. With that wealth of thought and redundancy of words which are at the same time his strength and his failing, he could not restrain himself from an endeavour to explain that the Protestants of Ireland would after all lose but little. As the whole endowment is proposed to be taken from the Church, this seemed to be so paradoxical and inexplicable, that he was obliged in his reply to have recourse to close calculations to make that intelligible which he had said in his opening speech. We could wish that all this had been omitted. It is not to be desired that the Protestants of Ireland should be reconciled to the loss of their endowment and their establishment by arguments tending to prove to them that they will lose little or nothing. In such a matter the "*fiat justitia*" is without full expression of a determination to bear the consequences is not enough to satisfy the minds of men. Even though the skies should fall on us in the shape of ultra-Protestant wrath, let justice be done. We are told,—most unjustly told,—but told from all sides, that Ireland is our Poland, that we crush Ireland, misrule Ireland, drive the Irish out of Ireland by our cruelty,—and now this fact of an Irish Protestant Church Establishment in a Roman Catholic country is the one great injury that is thrown in our teeth by those who accuse us. It is of that that Frenchmen, Russians, and Americans speak, when they tell us that we, too, have our Poland. The Irish themselves, indeed, are always speaking of something else. Some legislation that shall make land cheaper to them is what they desire;—and land will be made cheaper for them if by legislation we can cause their property in their own labour and capital to be more secure. But it is of the Protestant Irish Church Establishment that the nations are talking when they accuse us of misruling Ireland. It is that injustice, that anomaly, that wonderful remnant of the cruelty of ascendancy, that prevents us from going forth and showing that our hands are clean. If this be so, do not let us gloss over what we are doing by some legerdemain of arithmetic intended to prove that we can take away from the Irish Protestant Church all that it possesses, and yet leave it nearly as rich as it was before. No one will believe in the trick of conjuring. An Irish bishop, who has given his daughters in marriage to Irish curates, will know that it is not so for him. The Irish squire who is bringing up his second son for the Church will know that it is not so for him. The Protestant clergy of Ireland,—whose solicitude for the future welfare of Ireland is general, though they may be mistaken in the mode in which they show their care,—will not be reconciled to a measure which to them will be as the coming of the day of doom, by calculations made to prove that the life interest of incumbents on their livings and glebes is equal to half the money value of the permanent patronage of the living. And even if there be use in such calculations,



the time for them had not come when Mr. Gladstone opened his case. It was, we think, premature to suggest to Irish Protestant expectants that their expectations could ever be realised, while as yet no measure had been prepared, when no primary principles on which to found a measure had been stated. It was vain to try to sweeten the draught, to gild the pill, to hide the dagger's point. Mr. Gladstone's speech was so conclusive in its reasoning, and so true in its deductions, that it needed no such assistance, and could be made less distasteful by no such promises.

The strongest argument against the disestablishment of the Irish Church is that which Mr. Gladstone suggested and answered at the close of his speech ;—"I know there is a feeling in this matter which it is difficult to get over. There are many who think that to lay hands on the National Church Establishment of a country is a profane and unhallowed act. I respect that feeling ; I sympathise with it. I sympathise while I feel it my duty to overcome and repress it. . . . What is the Church Establishment but an appropriation of public property, an appropriation of the fruits of labour and of skill to certain purposes ? And unless those purposes be fulfilled, that appropriation cannot be fulfilled." Who does not feel some touch of regret, some pang of a pained sentiment, in dealing ruthlessly, and in dooming to destruction that which is held to be useful, holy, and almost divine by so many good men ? The idea of the bloated Irish rector, who hunts and drinks and is indifferent, is a fallacy altogether. We believe that the Protestant clergymen of Ireland are, as a class, pious, sincere, and energetic men,—whose scope of energy has, however, been so contracted as to fill them with small prejudices. They have thought that their power of preaching and their power of prayer would be efficacious to turn the population of Ireland from the religion of Rome to their own. They have had their chance, and have failed. They have preached and they have prayed sincerely, but without effect. An ascendant Church is not a Church prone to make converts. They have failed altogether, having made,—so to say,—no converts. They do not fulfil the purposes for which these endowments and establishments have been given to them. They are not the pastors and instructors of the people,—and, as the ministers of an endowed and established Church, they must go. But they who are most keen for their departure cannot but weep over their overthrow.

If, however, this sorrow does not restrain us, if respect for this feeling can be overcome, we shall surely find no difficulty in conquering that other repugnance of which so much has been made during the debate by the gentlemen who have pleaded on behalf of the Government,—that, namely, which would deter us from laying our unhallowed hands on the Act of Union. If anything be clear to us, it is this, that what the lawmakers of a people have done, the lawmakers of a people can undo. This, we think, is so manifest,



that it would hardly have required the perspicuity of Mr. Coleridge's arguments to prove the position, had it not been that the Treasury Bench, in the poverty of its means of opposition, had insisted so frequently on the solemnity of those Acts of Parliament on the strength of which the Irish Church has been established. There are many things which Parliament cannot do. It cannot add to or detract from the faith which a people feels in a Church Establishment. When therefore Parliament proposes, for certain reasons, to deal with and to put an end to such an establishment, though we sympathise most thoroughly with the sufferers, we have no sympathy for those who base their plea for a stay of the proceeding of Parliament on the fact, that that which it is proposed to alter was done by Parliament. We hear of the solemnity of the Union, and again we hear of the venality of those by whom the Union was achieved. Neither the solemnity of the Act of Union, if it was specially solemn, nor the venality of its supporters can matter anything in these days. Let the Act of those days have been passed by means of what worst corruption may have been possible, it was not the less law. And any portion of that law is capable of repeal, whenever it is found to be unfitted for national purpose. We confess, that we cannot enter into the feelings of those who have based their endeavours to enlist the convictions of the public on the side of the Irish Church upon the specially sacred character of the Act of Union. Any argument founded on the solemnity of the Act of Union is less worthy of respectful attention than was that used by George III., and by George IV., when they pleaded their Coronation Oaths as their excuse for opposing their ministers, the parliament, and the people. The answer to the two excuses is the same; but in the latter case we can understand the strength of a mistaken personal conviction. In the former case there is nothing to which even a soft heart can affix a sympathetic feeling.

We remember no opening political debate on any important matter which has given a promise of speedy success so effectual and assuring as that which has now been conveyed to us in regard to this reform of the Irish Church. We demur altogether when Mr. Disraeli tells us that the question is new, that the mention of it is precipitate, and a debate on it premature after eight days' notice; but it certainly is true that when we were thinking of it, and writing of it, and talking of it last year, and even in the early weeks of this year, we did not anticipate so speedy a release from the one great wrong of Ireland as that which we think we now see within our reach. It is not only the large majorities in the division which give us this assurance, or the strength of argument which has been used on that which we think to be the right side. A parliamentary majority may come from a parliamentary faction, and may be reversed by the more powerful decision of the country; and arguments which appear to us to have

been the stronger may have been the weaker. In the mind of a thoughtful man the strongest of his own convictions are ever somewhat weakened by the strength of those put forward by an adequate opponent. Though he believes much in himself, he believes also, to some extent, in his adversary,—till he finds that his adversary has no longer self-confidence of his own. Our present assurance of success comes from the fact that our adversary very manifestly has no longer such self-confidence. We may say that in the present Cabinet three separate sets of opinion on this question of the Irish Church Establishment have plainly shown themselves. There are the convictions of those who heartily sympathise in that feeling which will make the disestablishment of the Irish Church to be, as we have said, like the crash of doom to its closest adherents. These men are thoroughly genuine, and it may be that by the honesty of their convictions they will be sent to the wall. And there are those to whom governing is a profession, whose convictions on such matters as this are naturally not strong, but who are coerced by the circumstance of their position into a present professional support of the Irish Church. They will be clever enough probably at some future time to throw off from themselves the evil effects of their present opposition; and will, not improbably, at some period which will be far from remote, take glory in the disendowment of the Irish Church, as they have taken glory in free trade and in parliamentary reform. These gentlemen never hurt themselves; but their convictions, necessarily, have but little weight. But there is a third party in the Cabinet, which, bound as it is, and bound as any such party must be, by the necessities of government, to co-operate with the Cabinet as a whole, still plainly shows,—has shown in this instance very plainly,—its own idiosyncrasies and its own convictions. These are the men,—perhaps as useful as any in the State,—who, having been born and bred and educated amidst the convictions of British Conservatism, gradually learn to widen their sympathies and to enlarge their political boundaries. They are the Tories who were useful to us yesterday, and who will be the Liberals whom we may hope to trust to-morrow.

It is not necessary that we should name those who constitute the two first-named sections of the present Government, or even designate their leaders. But of the third section,—that section which we delight to find strongly represented in a Tory Government,—we need not scruple to say that Lord Stanley is the head and front. Soon after we had received our first accurate knowledge of the resolution which Mr. Gladstone purposed to move respecting the Irish Church we learned that it was the intention of Lord Stanley to move an amendment,—practically to this effect,—that though it must be confessed that the Irish Church does demand Reform, the question of that Reform should not be brought on so as to embarrass the Government in this Parliament. We do not lay any stress at all on the reports

which at once became current in town to the effect that such an amendment from the lips of Lord Stanley proved clearly that there was a difference of opinion in the Cabinet. It did seem that of all Mr. Disraeli's adherents in the Cabinet Lord Stanley would have been the last he would have chosen to take this bull by the horns and to answer Mr. Gladstone by any amendment really purposing to support the Irish Church against that gentleman's attacks; but if we might allow ourselves to suppose that Lord Stanley had expressed himself as unable to meet Mr. Gladstone's resolution with a direct negative,—unable not to admit with more or less of perspicuity of language that the present position of the Irish Church was one which could not be supported,—we could in such case understand that Mr. Disraeli should desire his somewhat obstructive follower to take his own bent and make what he could out of an amendment of his own. We could even admire Mr. Disraeli's ingenuity in this,—as we have admired it so often in other political emergencies. But the secrets of the Cabinet should be secrets; and, though it is only human that men should guess at what is done amidst the councils of the gods, we will admit that no solid argument can be founded on such guesses. The speech, however, of Lord Stanley in which he moved his amendment is a fact before us;—and what is the purport of that speech? It contains no word to show that the speaker thinks that he can defend either the endowment or the State establishment of the Irish Church. This is the gist of Lord Stanley's speech, given in his own words:—"We affirm two propositions . . . namely, that some modification, be it what it may, in the status of the Irish Church establishment is to all appearance inevitable; the other . . . that the question is one for the future and not for the present Parliament to settle." Is that the expression of a man nailing the colours of the Irish Church to his mast, and showing himself ready to die, politically, in their defence? Is it not rather the expression of one who knows that those colours can no longer be carried on high, but who is desirous of postponing their downfall,—no doubt with an honest conviction as to the public expediency of such postponement, towards the forming of which the natural bias of a seat in the Cabinet may have had its full weight? If this be so, then we say that we may claim Lord Stanley, and with Lord Stanley that portion of the present Government which we regard as most essential for the service of the country, as being on our side in this matter. So supported, we can trust our convictions without that drawback which is incidental to them when we hold them in opposition to an adversary in whom we believe. Mr. Disraeli did indeed make a vehement, but most ineffectual struggle to prove that his colleague's amendment was compatible with that nailing of his colours to the mast, which he found himself compelled to promise in compliance with the wishes of his ultra-Protestant supporters. "What!" said he, "could we venture to assert that nothing in the Irish Church requires change? If it were our

opinion that the condition of the Church in Ireland was susceptible of beneficial changes, how could we, without exposing ourselves to the grossest misrepresentation of our views, have met the motion with a direct negative?" This is ingenious enough. But who is there sufficiently dull not to understand the difference between Mr. Disraeli's denial of a wrong, and Lord Stanley's admission of a wrong? If our characters be assailed,—if we be told that we are plunderers, liars, and what not, we do not defend ourselves, nor do our steadfast friends defend us by acknowledging that perhaps we plunder a little, perhaps we lie a little; but that we will listen to rebuke, and endeavour to amend ourselves. They who so speak of us accuse us rather than defend us,—as Lord Stanley has accused the Irish Church. They who would really defend us, do so with something of that generous violence of enthusiasm which has been displayed by some of Lord Stanley's colleagues, but which has certainly not been shown by Lord Stanley.

In these remarks we have said nothing of those evils by the acknowledged existence of which the Irish Church Establishment has been doomed. It would be vain to repeat again and again the stories of parishes with thirty,—twenty,—ten,—five Protestants,—with one,—or perhaps not even with one Protestant, to justify the existence of a parson. The very contradictions to the statements made have proved their truth. When whole columns are written by the staunch defenders of the Establishment to exhibit the falseness of a statement declaring that the parish of A has only three Protestants, whereas it is well known to have four, and that B has three, whereas it has been said to have none, need any one seek further evidence?

Nor have we attempted to indicate the fashion in which the details of the disestablishment should be arranged. Possession of office, access to Government records, and that statecraft which comes partly from official tradition, and partly from the contiguity of various minds exercised in the labours of government are necessary before a solution of the difficulty can be reached. We, ourselves, would rob the people of Ireland of nothing which they now possess. We would add the regium donum and the Maynooth Grant to the entire property of the Establishment, and let the whole be divided among Church Protestants, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics. according to their population,—believing that the Roman Catholics would ultimately receive the gift. But we say again, that all schemes as to such details must be crude till they have been sifted by the experience of the executive.

These things will no doubt be debated in the Committee which is now about to sit, and gradually we shall come to have a clear idea of the manner in which the Irish Church may be disestablished. When that has been done, there will no longer be any plea on which Ireland may be stigmatised as the Poland of England.

## YACHTING.

---

A FEW years since the wildest Anglo-maniac among our gallant neighbours would have thought and spoken of going to sea for pleasure, as the Latin poet sang of the first man who trusted his life to a "frail skiff." There exists, however, in these latter days a "Society of Paris Sailing Club," presided over by a French commodore, and consisting of some thirty-two vessels, from one to thirty tons; and, with scarcely an exception, all these yachts belong to French owners. Whether Commodore Benoît Champy's tiny squadron disport themselves on the lower reaches of the Seine, or tempt, from time to time, the rougher waters of the Channel, we cannot tell, but it is pleasant to observe that French sport is no longer limited to the Turf. Nor is it at Paris only, that the sport of Yachting has found French disciples. At Cannes (almost, it is true, a British colony) we find established "Le Cercle Nautique de la Méditerranée," with a French commodore and vice-commodore, and some twenty-four small craft, owned, with only six or seven exceptions, by Frenchmen. Probably here, too, the original impulse came from England, or rather from English yachtsmen cruising in the Mediterranean; but it is not the less gratifying to note that both these French clubs, at Paris and at Cannes, are principally composed of native yachtsmen. The "Imperial Yacht Club" of St. Petersburg owes its foundation to the Grand Duke Constantine, himself a sailor, and a frequent visitor to the Isle of Wight, where, a true descendant of Peter the Great, he has doubtless appreciated the national importance to a maritime State of a sport so favourable to the science of naval architecture, and to the employment of the population of the coasts, as yachting. Of the twelve vessels, all of considerable tonnage, belonging to the St. Petersburg Club, six are owned by members of the Imperial family. The Emperor's yacht, called after our Queen, was built at Cowes. Russia is not an essentially maritime State; nor are the majority of the wealthy classes in Russia in the habit of seeking the seaside, except for baths, gaieties, or the climate. Yachting in Russia is, in short, an English institution. Russian yachts come from English yards. The Royal Swedish Yacht Club is no doubt a more genuinely national institution. It counts thirty craft of various tonnage, and is under the patronage of Prince Oscar, who, both as a sailor and a poet, can appreciate the merits and the charms of the sport. The Swedes are admirable yacht-builders, as the Sverige and the Aurora Borealis

have taught us. Among our Swedish yachting brethren there are, however, one or two unmistakably English names, as there are also in the Royal Netherlands Yacht Club, and indeed in all foreign Yacht Clubs of our acquaintance. But in justice to our Scandinavian comrades, we must remember, that if they have borrowed yachting from England, it is from their Scandinavian ancestors that the peaceful English sea-rovers of the nineteenth century fetch their birth. And our jolly Dutch neighbours, who spend as much genius and energy in literally keeping their heads above water as some other nations do in maintaining their rank as Great Powers, are certainly no mere imitative yachtsmen. To their powers at sea our own naval history bears ample witness. As pleasure-sailors, Dutchmen are entitled at least to the merit of having given us a word, which many yachtsmen never succeeded in spelling correctly. Dutchmen certainly built the first "yachts," though Dutch yachting may have originally been a somewhat sleepy sport, if indeed it consisted in towing and being towed sluggishly up and down a canal in a sort of cut-down Noah's ark. Some antiquarians have ascribed to the Venetians—those Dutchmen of the Adriatic, as a Hollander might call them—the honour of having invented this amusement. It may be so. But to all intents and purposes of our present paper, which deals with yachting as an organized national sport, there can be no question that it belongs to the British Isles. The gentlemen at ease, who, on either side of the Atlantic, go down to the sea for pleasure, and not for business, or profit, or duty, will be found, with very few exceptions, to combine in their blood the great kindred elements of the Saxon and the Scandinavian ancestry. It is to the Pagan pirates from the Saxon coasts and to the Slayers of the North, of the ninth and tenth centuries, and to the "Brethren of the Coast" of the Tudor times, that the harmless yachtsman, who is now hauling his beautiful craft off the mud in the Medina, owes the passion that urges him afloat.

In claiming for yachting as a "national sport" of the British Islanders a certain distinction, we are not insisting on the obvious fact that it is absolutely free from those parasitical industries or vices of gambling and betting which unfortunately degrade so many of our land sports, and even our fresh-water aquatics. We do not mean to say that yacht-racing has wholly escaped those sharp practices and crooked arts which have wrested the noble sport of horse-racing from its original purpose as an encouragement to the breeding of the finest and fleetest animals of the purest blood. We shall have occasion to touch presently upon some analogous corruptions which have grown into the customs and usages of yacht-racing, but which, we are happy to believe, are already tending to disappear rather than to increase. But it has certainly escaped that widespread popular demoralization which notoriously surrounds and

infests every racing-stable in the kingdom, and has created a new and disreputable profession, fruitful in crime and misery. From these diseased excrescences Yachting, even in the limited sense of yacht-racing, is, perhaps by the essentially natural conditions and circumstances of the pursuit, singularly free. We do not exalt the practice of yacht-sailing to the rank of a virtue on this account. The absence of corrupting influences and habits is to its credit, no doubt, but it is only to its credit as the absence of some vices is to the credit of early youth or of old age. A man may be ruined by yachting, if in order to keep a yacht he lives beyond his income. But he cannot be ruined by yachting as many a racing man is ruined by the Turf. Yachting, like any other amusement, may lead a man into many ways of mischief; but the mischief will neither be the fault of the yacht, nor of the pleasure and sport of cruising. Yachting must always be a select, if not an aristocratic, sport; and the more sea-going it is, the manlier, the healthier, the more unexceptionable it becomes. One obvious reason for the comparative innocence of yachting is, that it takes a man away from the "world," breathes into his lungs the purest air, and brings him into close communion with the serenity, the simplicity, the power, and the repose of Nature. Verily, the sea-life returns the love of its adepts with usury. It strengthens and braces their limbs, steadies their nerves, clears their brains, refreshes their spirits, cools and calms their tempers, appeases and consoles their hearts, renovates every fibre in their moral and physical frames.

Another sufficient reason for the comparative selectness of yachting is, that a sea-going yachtsman must, in the most exact sense of the word, have a "stomach" for the sport. Now, a sea-going stomach is,—happily, perhaps,—by no means universal, even among Great Britons, who, as Captain Marryat used to insist, should be, one and all, more or less sailors. This previous question of a stomach will always limit the number of active sporting yachtsmen,—more effectually than that other previous question of an income sufficient to buy, fit out, and keep a yacht afloat for four months of the year. Probably in no country in the world,—excepting always the United States,—can there be found so many sea-going stomachs as in the United Kingdom. But it must not be forgotten that in no seas throughout the surface of the globe are finer opportunities and excuses for sea-sickness to be found than in the waters of Great Britain and Ireland. Here some unfortunate migratory reader, who has made a voyage to Australia and back in a Blackwall liner, or some soldier who has been boxed up for ninety days in a transport, or some man of business who has crossed the "Pond" half-a-dozen times in one of the magnificent Cunard steamers, interrupts us with a protest. "You know," he says, "I'm never sick. But I most cordially accept Dr. Johnson's definition of life at sea,—'a prison, with the chance of being drowned.' Intolerable monotony,—a dull,



insuperable sense of discomfort and uneasiness, even under the most favourable conditions of weather, and with the pleasantest passengers." To such a protest we can only reply, as the monk of the Camaldoli did to the too-enthusiastic tourist, "*Così passando!*" Three months in a packet-ship may well be weary work; ten days in a steamer, with an engine always thumping, and a deadly-lively mob of intimate strangers always in your way, may well be a purgatorial infliction. But, in a vessel of your own,—in a floating home with a choice of companions of congenial tastes and equal temper,—with the faces about you of your own ship's company,—honest fellows who, "ever with a frolic welcome take the thunder or the sunshine,"—with your own times and seasons for sailing and staying at anchor, your own pick of ports to visit or to pass, yachting is what the monastic life appeared to the tourist, rather than what it was to the old monk's life-long experience.

The yachting world is perhaps more heterogeneously composed than any other of our numerous sporting confederations. From a Lord Chancellor to a fashionable music-master, all sorts and conditions of men belong to it. Parliament and Downing Street, the Stock Exchange, the clergy, the bar, the medical profession, the army and navy, the civil service, the fine arts, literature, commerce, Manchester, and country squires, may all be found side by side in the club lists. Some of the boldest riders and best shots are the most adventurous and devoted of yachtsmen. All the three kingdoms are represented in the sport. We take pleasure in recording that in the history of yachting, the first in point of date, and certainly not the second in all the qualities that ennoble the sport, stands Ireland. No better or braver yachtsmen than Irishmen; no heartier or more hospitable shipmates; no stauncher or more thorough seagoing vessels than those that hail from the Cove of Cork and the Bay of Dublin. Their home is on the blue water, and their daily cruising-ground is on the edge of soundings. Among no set of men, let us confess, are there more eccentric characters, or more strongly-marked varieties of species, than among the yachtsmen of the United Kingdom. For example, there is the man who keeps a yacht as a sort of Greenwich dinner afloat, en permanence; there is the man who keeps a yacht as a racing-machine; the man who keeps a yacht like a man-of-war; the man who keeps a yacht as what the Chinese would call a "family boat;" the man who buys a yacht for a single cruise in the Mediterranean or the Baltic, and sells her on his return, and never goes yachting again; the man who keeps a yacht because he loves the sea, and the freedom and quiet of a sea life; the man who keeps a yacht as a trawler; the man who keeps a yacht for the love of seamanship, and who is his own sailing-master; the man who keeps a yacht, and never stirs beyond the Isle of Wight; the man who goes round to all the regattas, and never enters for a match; the



pert little London cockney who, as poor Albert Smith depicted him, sleeps in a chest in Margate harbour, within a few yards of a comfortable hotel, dresses like the hero of a nautical drama at the Surrey, and,—to do him justice,—knows how to handle the pack-thread, the walking-stick, and the pocket handkerchiefs of his own morsel of a cutter, which he thinks as big as a line-of-battle ship;—and we know not how many other originals.

Let us show as briefly as possible in what a noble national sense yachting, as an organised sport, deserves most honourable mention. We are not writing about such acrobatic vanities as “canoe” sailing, which is to yachting what circus-riding is to fox-hunting,—however worthy of admiration, as a somewhat self-conscious exhibition of personal daring and endurance, such imitations of the aquatic sports of our ancient British forefathers may be.

In 1867 there were thirty-one yacht clubs in the United Kingdom,—and, with two exceptions, sea-going yacht squadrons,—bearing the Admiralty warrants; and about 1,740 yachts, of which 240 only were under twelve tons’ admeasurement. The total tonnage of these yachts amounted to about 55,700 tons. Allowing one man for every ten tons, we find here a force of 5,700 men,—and boys,—employed in the yachting service. The Royal Thames Yacht Club,—it is the grant of the Admiralty warrant that confers the title of “Royal,”—stands first on the list in date of establishment, the Royal Western of the sister island comes second, and the Royal Cork third. But in justice to our gallant Irish brethren it should be recorded that the Royal Cork is probably the oldest yacht club in the world. It was established as long ago as 1720, although it was not until 1827 that the “Old Cork Water Club” was re-christened the Royal Cork Yacht Club. The earliest record of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England,—as it is now called,—is that of a meeting held in 1815 at the Thatched House Tavern, at which Earl de Grey presided, in the capacity, we suppose, of commodore. The seal of the R.Y.S. bears date 1812, in which year we may assume the original Club was established. But this distinguished society, which is now regarded by all as the headquarters of the yachting world, comes only tenth on the list, according to the date of its Admiralty warrant, having been preceded in this privilege by the Royal Thames, the Royal Northern,—of Scotland,—the Royal Western,—of Ireland,—the Royal Cork, the Royal Eastern,—of Scotland,—the Royal Western,—of England,—the Royal Southern,—of England,—the Royal St. George’s,—of Ireland,—and the Royal London. The Admiralty warrant confers much more than a title; it constitutes, in fact, the “pleasure navy” of the United Kingdom; it gives the yachts, at home and abroad, a distinct rank second only to that of men-of-war; permits them to carry one or other of the ensigns of the fleet; exempts them from the payment of tonnage dues in British and foreign ports,—local dues on going into

basins or private harbours of course excepted; enables yacht-owners to remove their furniture or property from place to place in the United Kingdom without coasting license, to deposit wine and spirits in the Customs warehouses on arrival from foreign ports free of duty, until reshipped for another voyage; and authorises the yachts to take up man-of-war moorings, and their boats to go alongside and land company at the King's sally-port at Portsmouth, and similar landing-places of her Majesty's ships'-boats at the other naval ports. All the foreign Powers of Europe have granted the like privileges in their ports to the yachts of the United Kingdom bearing the Admiralty warrant. No yacht on hire is allowed to carry the colours of the club, or to enjoy the privileges of the Admiralty warrant; and any infringement of the local laws and customs in foreign ports forfeits the warrant, and entails expulsion from the club. When the Admiralty first recognised the public policy of granting their warrants to yacht clubs, no doubt it was not only a privilege that was conceded, but a certain responsibility that was intended to be enforced.

Some yachtsmen, as we have said, happen to be of an eccentric turn, and a little apt to kick up their heels and sing "Rule Britannia" a little too loudly in foreign waters. We have heard of an owner of a long, low, black schooner, who had a taste for chasing strange merchantmen when he got well into blue water, more especially in hazy weather, in the grey light of the dawn, or the shadowy gloaming. He would suddenly round to and hoist the black flag with death's head and cross-bones, and crowd his bulwarks with an effective row of fierce red caps; and then, as suddenly, turn on his heel and bear away. There might be no great harm in such antics, but among our seventeen or eighteen hundred active yachtsmen there may possibly be British subjects of wild and unruly disposition, perfectly capable of getting the flag of their country into scrapes, and perhaps of offending the susceptibility of a foreign government by some silly freak, and upon these exceptional characters the responsibility of bearing the Admiralty warrant exerts, perhaps, a salutary restraint.

The crews of these 1,740 yachts come from all parts of the kingdom; principally, it seems, from the Isle of Wight, which even in the time of Queen Elizabeth was a royal yachting station. In the days of Queen Bess there were twenty-nine royal yachts,—that is, vessels in her Majesty's service employed for conveying great personages of State,—always stationed at Cowes. A yacht was understood, in those days, to be a small ship with one deck, carrying from eight to ten guns, and averaging from 80 to 160 tons.

The principal yacht seamen of our day come from Cowes, Bembridge, St. Helens, and Yarmouth,—Isle of Wight,—from Portsmouth, Southampton, Lymington, Poole, Dartmouth, Plymouth, and the fishing villages adjoining these two latter ports. There are some, too, from Gravesend, and other places on the Thames and the coast of

Essex. The Cowes men are considered to be, in many respects, the best for yacht-racing; but otherwise there undoubtedly exists among the most influential yachtsmen an objection, too probably founded on experience, to Cowes men. Many of them are said to be lazy, insubordinate, and insolent. Our own impression is, that the Cowes yacht sailors are for the most part a superior class of men in smartness and intelligence, and in general character, if properly treated,—that is, if placed under a strict and firm, but judicious sailing-master, and kept at a proper distance by the owner of the yacht. But there are obvious disadvantages in shipping a whole crew from any one place, and in taking a sailing-master and a crew from the same port. It becomes an effort of will to get away from a port where your whole ship's company reside. The sailing-master finds it difficult to maintain his authority over men who, as an Eton boy would say, "know him at home." And a Cowes sailing-master is rather apt to be on too friendly terms with the tradesmen who fit out and "find" the yachts in everything that is necessary or superfluous. In short, a Cowes crew have some of the defects of the servants' hall. But, taken singly, we believe a Cowes yacht sailor to be above the average of his class, and a certain proportion of Cowes men to be very valuable elements in a crew, which should always be mixed. What becomes of these yacht seamen from October to May? Well; there are usually from twenty to thirty yachts cruising in the Mediterranean in the winter; some with a whole family,—children and nurses,—on board. But how do the crews of the yachts that are laid up on the mud all the winter obtain a livelihood? Many of the men who have been employed in racing-yachts all the summer remain idle all the winter, as the crews of racing-yachts get an increase of pay on the days when the yacht is engaged in a race. Many of the Isle of Wight men (from St. Helens and Bembridge) take to fishing and to pilot-boats during the winter. The Portsmouth men are pretty generally watermen, and return to that occupation when the yachting season is over. It should be added that there are first-class yachtsmen from Harwich and the Essex coast who are oyster-dredgers, and who like to return home in August or September. Some of the Southampton men may be found perhaps in the great packet steamers out of the yachting season, but we should say that, as a rule, few of the five or six thousand men engaged every summer in the yachting service engage themselves for distant voyages in the winter. A few yacht-owners,—especially naval men,—prefer to employ man-of-war's men as more amenable to discipline, and less disposed to give themselves fine gentlemen airs, than the Isle of Wight men. Yet it may be questioned whether seamen accustomed to the discipline of men-of-war are the best personnel for a yacht: seamen who have only served in square-rigged ships are undoubtedly not the fittest for small fore-and-aft rigged

craft. A sailing-master who had only served in square-rigged ships would be absolutely run away with by one of these cutters or schooners which a Cowes man can put through all the figures of a skating-match; and, in short, as we once heard an old hand say, "make her do everything but speak." It has been suggested that every owner of a yacht bearing the Admiralty warrant should,—by a general concert of all the Royal Clubs,—undertake to employ no man who had not joined the Royal Naval Reserve. Of course the Admiralty could not take the initiative in suggesting such a condition. But it would certainly be a fair and honourable recognition, on the part of yachtsmen, of the privileges they enjoy in consideration of the services they are supposed to render to the nation. Nor, we think, could yacht sailors, although perhaps more than any other class of seamen averse to service in a man-of-war, decline employment on terms which would involve no real hardship or interference with their liberty, while their value as yacht sailors would be sensibly enhanced, and the country would receive a reinforcement of superior and available seamen, sufficient in an emergency to take a flying squadron to sea.

Many of those fine and roomy schooners which, as we write, are getting ready for their summer cruising, belong to owners who seldom, if ever, transgress beyond the sheltered waters of the Solent. Many never go beyond Cherbourg, or the Channel Isles, or the western ports. Some years ago one of the largest cutters in the squadron used to stand over to the north shore every afternoon, lay to for lunch, and then approach within a convenient distance of the Club-house, and proceed with great deliberation to order her owner's dinner by signal. Another yacht, the very largest of the whole squadron, and one of the best fitted and handled, belonging to one of the smartest practical yachtsmen afloat, was scarcely ever known to sail outside the Needles, or to make a longer cruise than from Cowes harbour to Southampton and back. She was reported, indeed, to have once gone over to Cherbourg, but no one believed it; she was once heard of at Falmouth, but that was held to be an extravagant fable. To be sure, she had a staff of domestic servants and babies on board, a boudoir, a nursery, and two "companions" which were perfect easy staircases, four-post beds, and, in short, all the comforts of a country house. But, if there are conspicuously home-staying yachts, there are also cruisers that have "sailed beyond the sunset and the paths of all the western stars," doubled the Hope and the Horn, encountered and defied the icy gales of the Polar seas. Five-and-twenty years ago the Wanderer schooner was astonishing the natives of the South Sea Islands. In 1841 Mr. Brooke made his memorable expedition to Borneo in the Royalist, and founded a kingdom. Need we cite the Corsair cutter, a famous cup-winner in her time? She defeated the Talisman cutter, in a match from Cowes, round

the Eddystone and back in a gale of wind, by four minutes, and is now, we believe, an ornament of Australian waters. The Albatross cutter went out to Sydney, and so did the Chance schooner. The Themis schooner returned a year or two ago from a voyage round the world. The famous Marquis of Waterford visited New York in his brig, the Charlotte; and, the story goes, jumped overboard in a gale of wind in the Atlantic, for a wager. The Alerte cutter, which has lately been lengthened by her builders at Gosport, is remembered at the Antipodes. The St. Ursula schooner fetched New York in thirty days from the Clyde. There are more British burgees than British pendants in the Mediterranean every winter; and, if proof were wanting that the same spirit animates the fighting and the pleasure navy of Great Britain, and that our yachts are not the butterflies of a summer hour, we might recall the service of a schooner of the R.Y.S. on the coast of Syria, when, in the absence of a man-of-war to protect the Christians, she anchored as close to the shore as her draught of water would permit, and, with her little deck guns run out and double-shotted, saved the Christian population of a Syrian village from massacre.

In the Baltic, every summer sees a fleet of British yachts hovering round the coasts of Norway, while the owners are salmon-fishing in the fiords. The late Sir Hyde Parker, in the Louisa schooner, was, we believe, the first to set the example. He has been followed (among others) by Mr. Graves, M.P., Commodore of the Royal Mersey Club, who published a most agreeable account of his cruise in the Ierne; by Lord Dufferin, whose delightful "Letters from High Latitudes" made the Foam for ever famous, as the first British yacht that ever showed her colours at Spitzbergen; by Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Brassey; and last, but not least, by the little ten-ton Romp, which frisked one fine morning into a Swedish harbour. These instances are enough to show that our Transatlantic kinsmen performed no unprecedented exploit, when they crossed the Atlantic in the Sylvie, the America, the Gipsy, the Henrietta, the Fleetwing, and the Vesta. If we are disposed to smile at some owners of big schooners who seldom venture out as far as the chops of the British Channel, we may take comfort in knowing that many of our American friends, who hail from the "Elysian Fields," are bantered by their countrymen for their very moderate cruises up and down the Bay of New York. But it is fair to remark, that out of the forty schooners and sloops of which the New York Yacht Squadron is composed, a very fair proportion have done more than any yachts afloat to sustain the character of a sport of all others most congenial to the energy and enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon family. We shall neither exaggerate nor undervalue the importance of the visits of the American yachts to our waters, when we say, that the easy victory of the America schooner in the Solent over eight

English cutters and seven schooners in August, 1857, was well won, though not quite on equal terms. The *America* was a vessel of 308 tons, O.M.; length over all 100 feet; draught of water aft 10 feet; beam 23 feet. She had crossed the Atlantic under reduced spars and sails, and made a tolerably comfortable passage of it. But she was built all for racing, and the English yachts that sailed against her were about as fit to contend with her, as a roadster with a winner of the Two Thousand. From the moment when she came into English hands, and had her bulwarks raised, and was converted into an ordinary English yacht, her glory as a cup-winner departed. She was beaten in the following year by the old *Arrow* cutter, and by the *Mosquito* cutter, the latter, it is true, a racer all over, but an excellent sea boat into the bargain.

The American schooner *Gipsy*, which had beaten the celebrated *Maria* sloop yacht in a breeze, and was considered by her builders twenty-five per cent. faster than the *America*, was sold in England, and handsomely beaten in a private match by Mr. Weld's *Alarm*. Both the *America* and the *Gipsy* were built for racing only, and, though they crossed the Atlantic, were not adapted to the ordinary service of an English yacht. It is no reproach to a vessel to observe, that she could only win in certain hands. Some horses are only good to win when ridden by certain jockeys. The Americans did their English yachting brethren great service in showing them a longer, a finer, and a bolder bow,—the bow of the *America* was almost that of a Japanese boat;—and in teaching them to lace their mainsails to the boom, to make their canvas to stand as flat as a board, and to set their masts up without a "rake." The necessity for lacing, however, is now in a great degree superseded by the new patent "graduated" sails. The three American yachts, which sailed a match from New York to Cowes in the mid-winter of 1866, would certainly have found many dangerous competitors in a match in the British Channel. These schooners were not like the *America*, mere racing craft; their sea-going qualities were tested to the utmost at every point in the course of a stormy Atlantic passage, and were found not unequal to the strain. Handled, as they were, with admirable skill and courage, they fully deserved all the honours they received. They are vessels of much greater power, however, than their reputed tonnage represents. According to the English system of admeasurement, they would show a much higher register. Their spars and sails were such as only a vessel of extraordinary power could carry with safety. In a gale of wind there is scarcely an English yacht that could beat them. In light winds, and a time race over a short course, their powerful qualities would probably be of little avail against yachts more lightly rigged and ballasted. But British yachtsmen would do well to note, that the Americans made the Atlantic passage under comparatively easy sail, and that, of the

three rivals, the winner of the stakes was the most cautiously and snugly sailed. In their internal fittings, comfort was certainly sacrificed, in some measure, to racing considerations. Nor does this detract from the merits of the craft. There is a possibility, we hear, though not, we fear, a probability, of a match being made to New York from Ryde. One spirited yachtsman—a member of the Royal London—has put down his name for £500 towards a prize. We should be glad to see such a match contested by some of our crack schooners. It would teach them the folly of “carrying on,” and persuade our yacht-builders and owners to trust more to trim and shape and seamanship than to excessive spars and driving canvas, and a dead weight of lead or iron ballast laid along from floor to keel to counteract the “tophamper.” On all accounts, it would be creditable to English yachtsmen to respond to the generous challenge of their kinsmen beyond the Atlantic by appearing in the Bay of New York with their racing-flags at the fore.

About a quarter of a century ago an active and zealous member of the R.Y.S., who owned a fine sea-going cutter of the old school, proposed to sail a match against all the world round the British Islands. His offer was treated as a joke; but it pointed at least in the right direction, as a protest against the then prevailing habit of keeping yachts for racing only, and without reference to sea-going capabilities. In those days an evil analogous to that which still afflicts the Turf flourished in the yachting world, and produced similar effects. The practice of running two-year olds, and of training for high speed for short distances, has resulted, if we are to believe the most trustworthy testimony, in deteriorating the breed of useful horses in this country,—that is, of hunters, roadsters, and carriage horses. In like manner the production of a class of vessels good for racing only, and utterly unfit for any other purpose, threatened to deprive yachting of all its substantial merits as a national sport. Yachts without a bulkhead or any cabin fittings were sent round the coast to all the regattas under the charge of a special sailing-master and a scratch crew. These cup-hunters were worn and torn to pieces by this usage, and good for nothing except to race, and race, and race again, while yachts which stood no chance in a sailing-match under such conditions were fulfilling admirably all the purposes of seaworthy and sea-going craft. It is highly praiseworthy on the part of the sailing committees of the leading clubs that they should have seen the error of this invidious distinction between racing and sea-going vessels, and have resolved to put an end to a most injurious system. There is, unfortunately, as yet, no permanent and general committee of reference, analogous to the Jockey Club, and composed of flag officers of the Royal Yacht Clubs, to draw up and interpret a code of rules and regulations applicable to all yacht-racing, and enforced by all clubs bearing the Admiralty warrant, for the summary settlement of all



disputes. This is a desideratum which we hope will be supplied ere long, thanks to the efforts of the most eminent yachtsmen, particularly of the present Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, who have always insisted on sea-going trim for all matches within their command. Already, we would fain believe, the days are past and gone when, in a race, men were stowed away below to run over from side to side of the yacht as she lay over on either tack, to trim her as she turned, because every pound of ballast had been shelled out to lighten her. The bad practice of shifting or trimming ballast has been decisively condemned by nearly all the leading clubs of the three kingdoms. There is, however, a diversity of opinion, not so much upon the practice itself as upon the means of preventing it. One of the great difficulties of prevention is the want of uniformity in the rules of the various clubs. It appears to us that a simple rule forbidding yachts engaged in a match to carry more than their proper complement of hands,—one for every ten tons,—would meet the case. All hands would thus be wanted on deck, and none could be spared below. Each vessel might be required to send a representative on board another to certify that the rules of the race were strictly observed. Occasionally difficulties arise in a contest which only a central board of reference, applying a carefully-considered code of rules, can adjust. For example, it was once an almost universally accepted sailing regulation that yachts could not anchor during a race without forfeiting the prize. Some years since, in a match on the Thames, a coal-smack came bearing down upon the winning yacht, and the latter, eager not to lose an inch of the way, and trusting in vain that the huge barge would put her helm up, held on her course until, to save herself from a collision, she was compelled to drop her kedge. Notwithstanding this mishap, the famous little *Phantom* got her anchor up, and was off again the moment the danger was passed, and, still leading, held on her way, rounding the flag-buoy nine minutes before the *Mystery*, gaining on her every mile to the end of the race, and finally winning in a canter. A protest was entered when her owner claimed the cup, because he had dropped his kedge, though she was winning easy from first to last, and only anchored for a moment to avoid destruction. Here was a case in which a general Committee of Reference would have quashed a most unreasonable protest, and assigned the cup to the unquestionable winner. The New York Yacht Club, whose sailing regulations appear to be most carefully drawn, permits anchoring during a race, and it can hardly be doubted that the permission is, on the whole, judicious; although, in the case of a drifting match in a dead calm with a strong tide running, the reason for forbidding a contesting yacht to anchor is obvious enough. Some other questions have lately been under consideration of the Sailing Committees, such as the restrictions upon canvas and spars in match-sailing. Opinions

are much divided on these points. Some would insist on racing yachts being restricted to "all plain sail;" others demand unlimited liberty of canvas. Without presuming to speak dogmatically on the subject, we would take the liberty to suggest the possibility of fixing a happy medium between the pedantry of restriction to all plain sail only, and the extravagant devices in the shape of "spinnakers" and other cockney contrivances which are often practised in the Thames. Of the two extremes of license or restriction, we think the former the less objectionable. Wetting sails, or "skeeting," appears to us a practice that may fairly be left to the discretion of each yacht. In these and other respects, more particularly as to boats to be carried by yachts in a race, and the deposit of a true model of each vessel with the Secretary of the Club before she can be entered for any regatta, the sailing regulations of the New York Yacht Club are evidently framed with care and judgment. The principles enforced in yacht-racing, it should not be forgotten, are apt to affect the whole character of yachting as a national sport. We should not regret any regulations which would tend to the reduction in ordinary cruising of both spars and canvas. The complaint of all good sailing-masters of crack yachts now is that they are overballasted, over-canvased, over-sparred. Reduce the sails and the sticks, and there is no need of a lead lining to the keelson to make the yacht stiff enough in a sea-way. Reduce the heavy ballast and the spars at once, and the wear and tear of the vessel will be proportionately decreased, and, with the wear and tear, the continued necessity for repairs on the patent slip. Yachts, like men-of-war, seldom come to grief in a sea-way, because they are admirably found and handled; but, like men-of-war, they wear out rapidly because they are torn to pieces by excessive spars, and by the yachtsman's proverbial love of "carrying on," as if a vessel could be driven faster by dragging her lee quarter through the sea.

There can be no doubt of the progressive improvement in yacht-building during the last twenty years. Cutters like the *Hebe*, the *Ganymede*, the *Aurora*,—which were considered prodigies of speed and beauty in their day, would appear to the present generation of yachtsmen as antiquated as the *Great Harry* among the Channel fleet. These goodly old tubs, with their bluff bows and flat floors, possessed qualities not to be despised even in our time, and not always found in the faster and more elegant craft of a later date. They were stiff, weatherly, safe, powerful, and comfortable vessels, fit for any service, not absolutely dull sailers on a wind, and, with their sheets eased off the least bit, speedy enough to sail round and round a square-rigged ship under a press of canvas, as if she were at anchor. Perhaps they plunged rather heavily in a short confused Channel loup, but they would lay to in the heaviest gale "like a duck," and run before the fiercest following sea without taking a painful of water on

deck. They steered like a boat, and on short tacks in smooth water behaved with all the nimbleness and alertness of the airiest of waltzers in a crowded ball-room. To the yachts of to-day, they were what the race-horses of two generations back were to the favourites for this year's Derby,—slower for short distances, less fine about the legs, but stouter, more serviceable, and more enduring. As roadsters or teamsters of the sea, they were unexceptionably sure-footed, safe, and clever goers. To judge from a specimen,—lately exhibited in a Club-house,—of the timbers of a schooner yacht, purchased the other day by one of the most experienced of our yachtsmen, we should not hesitate to add that these vessels of the old school were built with a solidity and a sincerity which are now as rarely to be found in the construction of our yachts as in the walls of our town houses. Nor must it be supposed that there was no such thing as racing-power in the yachts of that ancient epoch. Happily we can appeal to two survivors of the pre-American period to rebuke the conceit of an age which is apt to fancy it has nothing to learn from its grandfathers. Look at the old *Alarm* and the old *Arrow*, both designed by that immortal yachtsman, the late Mr. Weld. The *Arrow* was built more than six-and-thirty years ago. After her defeat by the *Pearl*,—a famous cutter of that period, belonging to the Marquis of Anglesey,—Mr. Weld laid her up on the mud, in disgrace, and built the *Alarm*, as a cutter. Neither as a cutter, nor under her later rig as a schooner, could the *Alarm* find her equal, on either side of the Atlantic, while she remained in Mr. Weld's hands. Her victories were as many as the matches she sailed in. The *Arrow*, after languishing some years, was bought by Mr. Chamberlayne, who lengthened her bow. She defeated the *America* in splendid style, and has only been beaten by a younger sister of her own,—the *Lulworth*, a cutter some twenty-two tons smaller, and designed also by Mr. Weld. In 1863 she defeated the *Phryne*, a cutter then just launched by one of the ablest and most successful of our yacht-builders, and which has since become renowned for her achievements.

There is, we fear, considerable faultiness in the materials of which yachts are built at present, and if yacht-builders were exposed to the searching criticisms of a committee on the Naval Estimates, some damaging exposures might be made of the state of a yacht's timbers after two years' service. But we are bound to express our belief that, if unsound timber is put into a yacht, the owner has often himself to thank for the purchase of a bad article. There is no warranty of the soundness of a yacht's timbers, as of the wind and limb of a horse. Nine out of ten yachtsmen build or buy their vessels in the dark. They seldom, if ever, take the trouble to have the vessel rigorously and systematically inspected while she is on the builder's slip. Perhaps they leave this duty of inspection to the future sailing-master, who is a native of the place, and who cannot be expected to quarrel with the

builder. Probably, in most cases, they would not be much the wiser if they depended on their own inspection. Then they are almost invariably in a desperate hurry to get the yacht finished and fitted out, and it may be absolutely impossible for the most honest of builders to provide properly seasoned timbers at the shortest notice. The majority of yachtsmen who buy their vessels,—and who should be advised never to buy between April and October,—are at once too hasty and too uninstructed to pronounce an opinion between a sound and an unsound vessel. They rush down, with a return ticket, to Cowes, look at the yachts “on the mud,” take a fancy to one, go on board, ask the price, rush back to town, and buy; engage a sailing-master, probably a Cowes man, and leave to him all the business of fitting out. Among all the owners whose names appear in Hunt’s List, very few are qualified to command their vessels. They may be able to steer, and perhaps to sail them; but very few know anything of the mysteries of the rope-walk, the building-slip, and the mould-loft,—of sailmakers, of furnishing iron-mongers, brass-founders, ship-chandlers, and other necessary cormorants. The consequence is that many yachtsmen are disgusted at the incessant and everlasting wear and tear, which makes up so much of the cost of the sport. Yet there is really no natural or necessary reason why yachting should be more expensive than fox-hunting. A man who makes his yacht his home for half the year ought to live more economically than he can ashore;—he gets his wine and groceries and spirits free of duty; he has no travelling expenses when he goes abroad. In travelling with a wife and family, a yacht is at once a great saving and a great convenience. We say nothing of the comfort of carrying a little England with you wherever you go, and of sleeping at home among your own people. What, in fact, are the legitimate expenses of a yacht? For £26 a ton you can build or buy a new yacht, in all respects ready for sea,—excepting iron ballast,—with bedding and blankets complete. The cost of a suit of sails may be estimated by the following proportions:—A suit of racing sails for a twenty-five ton cutter would cost about £125; for a fifty-ton cutter, about £160. Wages have risen within the last ten years. At present the rate is perhaps not less than twenty-five or twenty-six shillings per week for an able seaman,—finding himself in food, but not in clothes; thirty-two shillings for the mate,—who looks after gear and stores, from a needle to an anchor, and should be able to lay his hand on what he wants in a moment on the darkest night; and for the sailing-master, who takes care of the yacht during the winter, an annual salary of 120 to 150 guineas, or more, according to the size of the yacht. Then there is the cook, at, say, seven-and-twenty shillings a week; and the steward,—supposing him not to be the owner’s own servant,—thirty shillings. Of course, all these expenses vary according to the size of the yacht and the caprice of the owner. They vary very much

according to the rig of the vessel. Four men and a boy,—exclusive of sailing-master and steward,—should be sufficient for a forty-eight ton cutter or a sixty ton schooner; seven men and a boy for a sixty-five ton cutter, or a ninety tons schooner. A cutter is always the most expensive of all rigs, and a fore-and-aft schooner the least expensive. Between the cutter and the fore-and-aft schooner comes the yawl. The insurance of a yacht whilst cruising would be something like ten per cent. per month; and against fire only, when in harbour or dismantled, a maximum of seven shillings per cent.

Cutters will always be a favourite rig for racing and Channel cruising, because nothing touches them in light weather and in beating to windward. But in a gale of wind, the taking in of a cutter's mainsail, and "stepping" the boom, is like putting a straight-waistcoat on a madman. A yawl has nearly all the speed of a cutter, looks almost as close to the wind, and has the inestimable advantage of a reduced mainsail and boom, and may be sailed very snug in heavy weather under her mizen and headsails only. In a schooner the fore-topsails are of very little use, except, perhaps, for running. The fore-and-aft schooner requires fewer hands, because all her sails can be sent up from the deck; and if she chooses to indulge herself in jibheaded topsails, she can send them up "flying." We believe there is no rig at once so easy, so safe, and so cheap as this. Since "the good old commodore" Lord Yarborough's little frigate, the "Falcon," there has, if we are not mistaken, only been one ship-yacht, the "Sylphide," built at Bremen, and when last in commission, in the Mediterranean, belonging to the Marquis of Downshire. We know of only one considerable lugger yacht, the "New Moon," built for Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, by Firth of Hastings. She is, in fact, an enormous boat, 136 feet long, and only eleven feet beam, and even in fine weather and smooth water must require a large and powerful crew. In bad weather and in "blue water" she would be simply impossible. Steam yachts appear to be decidedly and rapidly on the increase, and we must honestly confess we regret the fact. A small auxiliary lifting screw may be useful in a calm; but, however small, it must seriously interfere with the comfort of the vessel, even when the engines are not in motion. If a gentleman at ease likes to own a steamer, it would be impertinent to call his fancy to account. We will only take the liberty to suggest that a yachtsman should be sufficiently master of his time, and fond enough even of the caprices of the sea, to be no more impatient of a calm than a lover is of his mistress qui boude. We cannot understand screw-driving for pleasure. A voyage in a steamer is bad enough when it is for business. But if there must be steam yachts, let them be steamers out and out, and not attempt to combine the schooner and the dispatch-boat. Some steam yachts of large tonnage,—notably the *Sea Horse*, 320 tons; the *Hebe*, 320 tons; the

Brilliant, 420; the Northumbria, 425,—have lately been added to the R.Y.S.

For home cruising a comparatively short complement of hands is enough, even for a cutter; for foreign cruising, few hands are a false economy. It is perhaps advisable to have two sets of sails and of rigging, the one for home, and the other for foreign, cruising. One result of the want of concert among clubs, and of a common code of regulations for yachts and yachtsmen, is the frequent difficulty of preserving discipline, in crews which too often include "sea-lawyers" and long-shore loafers. Nor is this always the fault of the seamen. Yacht-owners are apt to be too easy-going or too fidgety. The crews have too much idle time or too much fussy duty. There is supposed to be a black list kept at all the clubs, in which the names of men discharged for insubordination or bad conduct are inserted, so as to prevent their further employment. But as these lists are not exchanged between the different clubs, a man who is black-listed at Cowes or Ryde may get a berth at Plymouth or at Cork. And there are too many instances of a man discharged from one yacht getting a berth,—probably through the sailing-master,—in another yacht of the same squadron, lying in the same roadstead.

A paper on Yachting would be incomplete without some mention of the most famous racing-cruisers of recent years. We say racing-cruisers advisedly, because these celebrated vessels do not sacrifice the sea-going to the racing qualities. The fastest schooners now afloat are the "Aline" and the "Bluebell," built by Camper and Nicholson of Gosport; the "Egeria," by Wanhill of Poole; the "Pantomime," by Ratsey of Cowes; the "Kilmeny," by Fife of Glasgow. Among the cutters, the most remarkable for speed are the "Vanguard," built by Ratsey; the "Hirondelle," by Wanhill; the "Vindex," built by the Millwall Iron Works Company; the "Phryne" and the "Niobe," by Hatcher of Southampton; the "Aimara,"—a most formidable-looking cutter of 165 tons,—by Steele of Glasgow; the "Volante," by Harvey of Wivenhoe; the "Sphinx," by Maudslay of the Thames; the veteran "Mosquito," by Mare; and, finally, the venerable and still unapproachable old "Arrow," whose owner was once politely requested by a correspondent of *Bell's Life* to renounce contests which must be unequal.

One of the most remarkable sailing-matches was the Royal Victoria Ocean Match from Ryde to Cherbourg in 1863. It was run in a gale of wind, and won in capital style by one of the most ardent and generous of yachtsmen, Mr. Thomas Broadwood, in the "Galatea" schooner; the commodore's schooner, the "Aline," leading the way with the most liberal ease, and being safely anchored and made snug in Cherbourg roads when the racing squadron passed the breakwater. These ocean matches deserve every encouragement. They tend to make sea-going the rule of yachting; they create a bond of union

between different clubs; and the only objection we have heard to them is, that they take the yachts away from their stations, and so injure the trade of the local shopkeepers,—an objection which does not strike us as being very serious. When the yachting world shall possess an institution analogous to the Jockey Club, it will probably deal not only with the questions of shifting ballast and restrictions upon canvas in matches, but will abolish the present ridiculous system of time for tonnage, which, whether half a minute for one class or a quarter of a minute for another, is full of absurdity and injustice. Were no time for tonnage allowed, yachts would naturally range themselves in broad classes within certain limits of tonnage, and the public would have the satisfaction of seeing the winning vessel declared the winner. If this should be considered too sweeping a change, at least it would be desirable to fix a uniform system of admeasurement for racing allowances. Perhaps the Thames Yacht Club plan is the best that could be adopted. It is as follows:—Take the length of the yacht from the forepart of the stem to the afterpart of the sternpost, from that subtract the greatest breadth,—the remainder shall be estimated the just length to find the tonnage; then multiply such length by the breadth, and that product by half the breadth, dividing the whole by 94,—the quotient shall be deemed the tonnage. We cannot pretend that this is a very simple operation, but we believe it to be tolerably exact and just. Had the three American schooners been measured by it, their tonnage would certainly have been much larger than it was reported to be.

Have we justified the "distinction" we claim for Yachting as the most decidedly characteristic of all our national sports? We hope we have shown that it is public policy to foster such a pastime. Consider the amount of money spent every year by private gentlemen in the British Islands in building, fitting out, and repairing this magnificent fleet of 1,740 vessels; the number of seamen they employ,—of seamen's families they support,—the spirit of maritime adventure and enterprise they promote among the population of the coasts,—the heroic founders of colonies, and pioneers of commerce and civilization they have sent out,—the help and succour they have sometimes carried to their countrymen amidst the sufferings and hardships of distant wars and protracted campaigns,—is it not a cause for satisfaction that these harmless and beneficent buccaneers, the Yachtsmen of the United Kingdom, are increasing in numbers year by year; and that to go down to the sea in their own ships, and carry the flag of their country at their own mastheads, is a passion of hundreds of our gentlemen who cannot be persuaded to live at home at ease?



## COLUMBUS.

(A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.)

COLUMBUS (*dying*).

FERDINAND.

ALONSO.

COLUMBUS.

Have I been wandering, Ferdinand? Methought  
I stood within the presence of our God,  
And felt the golden light of heaven bathe  
My old, worn limbs, and aching, weary brain,—  
Weary with the long toil of many years,  
In unimagined ease. But yet I wake  
And find my soul still fettered.

ALONSO.

Dear my lord,

The ship you sent to the king's majesty  
Has just returned, and in her comes a man  
Fully empowered to remove all checks  
Upon you, and restore your dignities  
And government.

COLUMBUS.

I thank the king's good grace.  
Thank Heaven, I'm beyond men's reach at last!  
Strike off my bonds! That's done. God's very hand  
Has compassed it. You see my soul but waits  
Upon the brink, until the ebbing tide  
Of life leave bare the gold-sand ford of death,  
That leads unto the promised haven of rest.  
Restore me rank! Ay, that is done, too;—done  
A thousand times! God's self has dubbed me knight,  
And girt me with his own ethereal sword

What's that you say, Alonso? Was it still  
The old, old, weary, never-ending strain,—  
The tale of men's and kings' ingratitude?  
Pshaw! That's not worth a single true man's thought!  
We, who are destined to deserve it, know,  
Before that we begin to work the works

That win us such soul-heartening despite,  
 How that our guerdon here is partly this,  
 To feel that God alone is on our side  
 Against unnumbered armaments, and men  
 Stand, scoffing-blinded, on the outer marge  
 Of the charmed circle. Think you this is nought,  
 No bliss to know you stand alone with God,  
 And see the world revolving at your feet,  
 And smile at men's abortive ignorance,  
 With Him, All-pitying?

Though he be the first,  
 I tell you, comrades, he is no true man  
 After God's spirit who would barter this  
 For all the honours, all the meed and praise,  
 A million dust-worlds could heap up to give  
 The complacent courtier of the people's grace!  
 The beetles running in the golden sand  
 Doubtless think every grain the sun sets on  
 Is happiness, and all a flood of bliss  
 Ineffable; but man, who stands upright,  
 Nearer the heavens, should not, beetle-wise,  
 Bend downwards to the sand, and strive to grasp  
 The sun's faint mimicry; but turn his gaze,  
 Eagle-like, to the sky, and dare the blaze  
 Of God's eternal, wonder-working light.  
 They who can do so, they who see the fire  
 That burns with all His purposes and know  
 How bright it is, will, trust me, scarce look down  
 Upon the ground, or grovel in the dust,  
 To grasp the fleeting motes.

And yet men say  
 One should sit still and see the years go by,  
 High-laden with the meed of great emprise,—  
 Unmindful of the beckoning hand of God  
 That gives His hest unto the eyes of men,—  
 Should rest, and let the ages bear their load  
 Of riches to his dull, indifferent feet,  
 Unto him,—careful of no higher thing  
 Than how to eat and drink, and sleep and eat;—  
 "Fortune comes best to sleepers," say their saws;—  
 And sleep again, until the unwelcome death  
 Steps in and lengthens out the sleep for aye.  
 Has God made, think you, in this goodly form,  
 His noblest creature, in so fair a frame,  
 Endowed him with so high intelligence,

Given him such godlike power of soaring thought  
That pierces through the heaven-screen of clouds,  
And gazes on the glory of the stars,  
With unawed eyes,—has He, think you, made this  
To waste his glorious puissance in repose,  
Or the pursuit of dull, ignoble aims,  
When he might penetrate the years to be,  
Where the dusk clouds enfold in their embrace  
The glory of God's purposes, and strive  
To win some wonder from the hastening Night,  
That closes in the morning-land of hope?

No! The Eternal lips have spoken it!  
Man is enframed to emulate God's self,  
To mould the world-wrack to his spirit's will,  
To prove himself by noble thoughts and deeds,  
Worthy to bear the very form of God,  
To dwell, a godlike, ardent soul, within  
This wondrous house of spirit-quicken'd flesh!

Alas! but most of us have little care  
How these things are,—how God has ordered it  
That His great silent world should find a hand  
And speaking lips to give His message by!  
They see the produce of the hero toil,  
Irradiate with the impress of God's hand,  
And take small thought of why the work was done.  
“Here is it,” say they; “we have none to thank  
For what lies ready to the first man's hand.”  
Again,—these falsest counsellors of rest,  
Who would degrade the noblest faith in God,  
The bravest ardour, to their own dull plane  
Of slothful ease,—they say, “And when you've reached  
This wondrous prize you gape for, how looks it  
Within your grasp? Is it as fair, think you,  
As when you gazed on it afar? To us  
It is another treasure,—one more heap  
Of gold flung at our feet, that have not toiled,  
But sat and watched, as all good men should do,  
Till God and time unite to fill our mouths.  
But to you seekers, in whose fevered veins  
Quicksilver runs for blood, who must, forsooth,  
Not yet content with doing your own work,—  
Do all men's work, and Heaven knows whose beside,—  
Heave up the world to look at the other side,—  
Is it not true, the very thing you yearned

So fiercely after, strove so hotly for,  
 Pursued with such an ardour, seems to you,  
 Once gained, a bauble fit for babes, not men,—  
 A Dead-Sea apple, ashes at the core ? ”

Ay, but the secret of the thing's not there.  
 The matter lies far deeper. If it do,—  
 As, God forgive us ! oft and oft it does,—  
 Weary our fickle eyes to see the poor  
 Ill-seeming real of the ideal good  
 And fair and noble, that so gloriously  
 Did sparkle for us in the horizon's haze,  
 What does it matter ? The thick film has left  
 Our eyes ; the cloud of dust, the sun of hope  
 Did gild with tints of brightest phantasy,  
 Has melted back into the nought it was.  
 But, once the mist-wall vanished from our way  
 The azure heaven is bright within our view,  
 The crystal portals open in a blaze  
 Of glory, and the God's hand flashes out  
 Upon our amazed sight, holding, at last,  
 The true, true prize we've battled for so long,  
 And never knew till now !

The general world

Thinks this is failure ; and, indeed, it is  
 To them ! No solid earthly good is gained,  
 They think, but only visionary hopes,  
 Baseless and vague as dream-gilt phantasies.  
 We heed their mocking little ; for to us  
 Their solids are our shadows, and their goods  
 The painted symbol of the ideal good,  
 Debased and fouled by dust of crime and sin.  
 To us the winning is the real prize,  
 No matter what the thing won be,—a spark,  
 A spangled stone that flashes in the sun,  
 And passes for a diamond from afar.  
 We have no time to sorrow o'er the past,  
 Nor to regret the present. We can scarce  
 Pause to essay it, ere the beckoning gleam  
 Has drawn us far beyond the mocking dream,  
 And the new strife, the real one at last,  
 Commences, with all heaven to speed us on !

I will not say, dear friends, defend me not  
 When I am dead ; for even if I did,

I know full well the impatient words would leap,  
Fire-sudden, from your loving, generous hearts  
To your frank lips, to hear the bitter words  
That men have spoken, and have yet to speak,  
Of one who has but too much recked of it.  
But this I say to you,—a conqueror,—  
And who has better title to that name  
Than he who, with his life-long work, he trusts  
Done honestly, at least with earnest will  
And love of Him the Master, passes out,  
From hum of men and noise of bitter toil,  
Into the quiet of the unknown rest?—  
Needs no defence. He who would champion him  
Does but attest his own nobility.  
Man can add nothing to the praise of God.

Many a dull pebble on the strand of life  
Shines out pure crystal when the wave of death  
Creeps up and slides along the golden sands,  
And then, at last, the men who, all their lives,  
Have passed and spurned the dull stone heedlessly,  
Clutch at it as it sinks beyond their grasp,  
Seeing, at last, how wondrous fair it is,  
Just as the cold wave bears it from their reach.  
For it is man's no longer. They may stand  
Upon the shore, dumb with remorseful awe,  
And, thrilled with yearning sorrow, recognise,  
For the first time, the treasure they have lost.  
But God has taken the despised of men,  
And made it a chief jewel in His crown!

Think you success can matter aught to God?  
If you had sent an old and trusted man,  
One whom you knew to be a heart of gold,  
Upon a dangerous and toilsome way,  
To work a perilous and difficult work,  
And he, his mission ended manfully,  
Not without years of toil, and pain, and doubt,  
Not without wear and tear of heart and brain,  
Came back to you in rags, with weary limbs,  
Eyes dim, and face grown wrinkled in your cause,  
Would you, think you, because the foolish world,  
Seeing the rags and wrinkles, poverty,  
Blindness and age, and not the inner gold  
That brightened all his life, passed heedless by  
And judged him worthless of a second thought—

Would you the less welcome him home again,  
 Or grudge him all the guerdon he had earned?  
 Would you not rather love and honour him  
 The more, regard his rags as priceless things,  
 Betokening the fierceness of the strife  
 He had outstriven with such constant truth,  
 Reward him all the more, because his stern,  
 Unsweetened life had had one bitter more,—  
 And that the fiercest,—in the freezing scorn  
 Of those who most should help him?

So with God,—

Only, thank Heaven, far surelier with Him.  
 And so we, with our eyesight fixed on this  
 Our star, that brightens the horizon's marge,  
 Can spare no time to court the earthly goods  
 And worldly honours, that we hit or miss,  
 Just as the Master ruleth it. If good  
 It seem to Him that we should put them on,  
 These tinsel robes of power and wealth and fame,  
 We must e'en don them, not reluctantly,  
 But with a willing pleasure. Yet the eye  
 Still seeks the zenith, and the climbing soul  
 Compares for ever with the golden hopes,  
 That give the future such nobility,  
 The present and its guerdons.

All the joys

The true man gathers here are concentrate  
 In the one consciousness of work well done,  
 Of true, unflinching striving, and the prize  
 He looks not for, this side eternity.  
 Here are but earnestness and silent work,  
 A steadfast eye and an unceasing hand,  
 The joy of striving and undying hope.  
 The glory and the triumph are beyond.

J. P.

---

## NEW FACTS IN THE BIOGRAPHY OF RALEGH.

(DRAWN FROM THE PAPERS OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, AT HATFIELD HOUSE; FROM THE PRIVY COUNCIL REGISTERS; AND FROM OTHER MANUSCRIPT SOURCES, HITHERTO UNEXAMINED BY RALEGH'S BIOGRAPHERS.)

---

IF the multitude of a man's biographers could suffice to insure a just estimate of his career and character, those of Sir Walter Raleigh ought, by this time, to stand out as in broad sunshine. Few of our English worthies have had so many distinct "Lives" published to record what they did and show what they were. Still fewer, perhaps, have had biographers who have addressed themselves to their task at periods so distant, and from points of view so various. Looking at that last fact, it might well seem, at first glance, that the errors and omissions of any one writer in so long a series must needs have been corrected by some one or other of his successors. Minuter inquiry will show, unless we greatly err, that Raleigh's biographers have much rather repeated than supplemented each other, whenever they have had to face the real difficulties and problems with which his career teems. From the day of his hasty departure from Oriel, when a stripling not yet seventeen years old, to join the Huguenot camp in France, down to the day when a scaffold was built for him upon Old Palace Yard with desperate haste, in order to get it ready for use by an hour at which the populace of London would be sure to be busied at the other end of the town with a Lord Mayor's Show, almost every successive stage in Raleigh's marvellously versatile life offers some moot question or other. It would, we believe, be an easy thing to show that, after the labours of more than a round dozen of writers, nearly all the old disputable and disputed points remain open. Most, if not all, of them are at this moment hard nuts to crack. The feat, in short, is but little less difficult to the inquirer in 1868 than it was to Shirley in 1668, or to Oldys in 1730. What has been the reason?

Before attempting to supply an answer to a question which, at some time or other, must needs have crossed the minds of many among our readers, a very few words may fairly be spent in showing what was certainly not the reason. The failure to clear up the doubts which yet hang over so many of Raleigh's deeds has arisen neither from want of zeal nor from want of literary ability in his biographers. Unweariable painstaking, for example, is the special characteristic which has given to William Oldys his honourable place in our literary history. He devoted several years to inquiries



about Raleigh, and went to the work as to a real labour of love. If it cannot be said that any one of the many biographers who followed Oldys's steps prior to 1800 did the like, one of them, at all events, enjoyed the incidental advantage of such help towards new materials as Raleigh's then surviving descendants could give. And, at the very beginning of the new century, Oldys's industry was emulated by Arthur Cayley. As to the accomplishments of penmanship bestowed on this theme, the reader has but to call to mind that amongst the writers who have handled it are Patrick Fraser Tytler and Robert Southey.

The real cause, as we take it, why Raleigh's life still stands thickly bestrewn with doubts is a twofold cause : 1. Precious MS. materials have been substantially sealed up from inquirers, in spite of the fact that they are public property, and that they were so when Oldys wrote, more than a century ago, or even when Shirley first set his pen to work on a Life of Raleigh more than two centuries ago. 2. Other MS. materials, some of which, for the matter in hand, are still more precious than those to be found in our public archives and libraries, are private property, though some among them are far from having been always so. These documents are preserved in country houses in various parts of England. Certain materials of this sort have never been seen by any inquirer, for any purpose of literature. Others have never been looked at even by way of amusement, unless, perchance, they may have had a casual glance or two from a guest tired with the labours of the billiard-cue on some frosty morning when no scent would lie.

The degree of the dispersion of the papers about Raleigh is something out of the common. The student ~~has still~~ to seek even for those of them which, in one sense or other, may be said to be publicly accessible,—as being either corporate property or national property,—in six or eight several parts of the kingdom. But the existing dispersion of such materials is simplicity itself, compared with the state of things which obtained before the reformed organisation of our Record service by Lords Langdale and Romilly.

A Life of Raleigh was one of the first themes which stirred the literary ambition of Edward Gibbon. The difficulties which stood in the way of getting together the authentic data,—even those needed to start with,—were the chief cause of the abandonment of his project. To have collected the mere dates of Raleigh's royal grants and of his appointments to office, Gibbon must have perambulated all parts of London, after a fashion which would have wearied a Pennant or a Grose. The authorities of the Hanaper Office would have sent him to the Petty Bag Office. When, with infinite pains and after countless delays, he had succeeded in fishing up an interesting record out of the Treasury of the King's Bench, he would have found that to make it fully intelligible another document must be sought for in the Exchequer of Pleas. Of records belonging to a single

series he would have learnt,—in the course of a few months or so of inquiry,—that some must be searched for in the Rolls Chapel by Temple Bar; others in the Chapter House at Westminster; others, again, in the Tower of London. When he had succeeded in unearthing something curious in the Crown Office, close to the Thames, he would have had straightway to trot off in search of something else in the Six Clerks' Office, hard by Bloomsbury. Rarely would he have found any appliances in the way of calendar or index. When he met with either, every reference to it would have been taxed with a separate fee. When he needed transcripts, stern official rules would have compelled him to pay for the copying of enormous records, of which, for his purpose, only a few sentences were required. His experiences on that head would have been of a sort with which historical inquirers were very familiar long after his day. One such writer,—who has gone to his rest after much fruitful labour in archaeology,—was wont to tell a suggestive story on that head. He had spent weeks of search after a record hard to find, and of which he wanted but a paragraph or two. He had paid a lot of office fees in the quest. "When found," it was his wish to follow Captain Cuttle's plan, but the official rules precluded that. "What," he asked, "will be the cost of an office copy?" The worthy keeper turned the membranes over his fingers, and presently, in a placidly official tone, replied, "One hundred and forty-five pounds, sir." Who can wonder that biographers long preferred the repetition of traditions to the searching of records?

And, after all, obstacles of this "Circumlocution-Office" sort were far from being the stiffest which such a quest presented. Most of these, thanks to the Master of the Rolls,—present and late,—are now happily removed. But not only are a multitude of State Papers, of first necessity to the accurate narration of such a career as that of Sir Walter Raleigh, still private property, as in Gibbon's time; they are still widely dispersed. There are Cecil Papers in four several public repositories now. There are also Cecil Papers in Lord Ashburnham's library in Sussex. There is a priceless collection of such amongst Lord Salisbury's papers in Hertfordshire. For the biographer of Raleigh the Hatfield collection of MSS. is the richest of sources. But as yet no biographer of Raleigh has seen them.

Among the many dark problems in his career, three stand out saliently:—1. The extent of his real participation in the schemes of Lord Cobham, during the months which preceded and which immediately followed Elizabeth's death. This question only one Life of Raleigh has ever professed to determine. And in that attempt the author, as will be seen presently, has conspicuously failed. 2. The question, "Was the execution of October, 1618, substantially the carrying out of a foregone conclusion, arrived at prior to the departure from the Thames of the Guiana fleet in 1617?" And this, again, can

hardly be said to have been even fairly opened by the biographers. 3. A third question, bearing on the last years of Raleigh's life, did but present itself a few months ago, on occasion of an incidental discovery in the archives of Venice. It is inferior in its degree of specially English interest to the other two; but it is a question vital to the appreciation of Sir Walter's character. The story, as hitherto told, asserts that soon after his liberation from the Tower,—March, 1616,—Raleigh went to the then Savoyan ambassador in London, the Count of Scarnafissi, and proposed to undertake, in the interest of the Duke of Savoy, a "piratical attack upon Genoa." On each of these three obscure points we purpose to offer some new evidence; and to offer it severally, but always very briefly. In the present paper we propose to deal solely with the first of these guesses.

With a single exception, all Raleigh's biographers admit that they enter on the discussion of the plot of 1608 under a sense of oppression,—almost of dismay. To all of them, save one, the difficulties that hang about that topic seem scarcely superable upon any known hypothesis. If you take the statements made for the Crown in the course of the Trial at Winchester to be in substance true, you have to face a twofold perplexity. It becomes impossible to explain the obstinate refusal to produce Cobham at Raleigh's repeated demand. It seems no less impossible to explain the effort known to have been made by Raleigh,—almost on the eve of his own arrest,—to influence James's mind unfavourably towards the pending Spanish negotiations. If Raleigh really meant to get a round sum in Spanish doubloons, either for selling intelligence or for pretending to sell it, it must needs have been his cue that negotiations should go on quietly for a time. But any difficulty of that kind sinks into insignificance beside the one crucial difficulty of the matter: Every incontestable doing and saying of Raleigh up to the moment of his trial, and from the moment of his return to the Tower, is in its measure an act of hostility to Spain and its policy. Anti-Spanish speech is the uniform characteristic of Raleigh the writer and the publicist. Anti-Spanish action is the one constant thread uniformly found throughout that skein of many colours which made both warp and woof in the life-long career of Raleigh the soldier, the mariner, the councillor, and the coloniser.

If, on the other hand, you accept the hypothesis that Cobham told nothing but lies throughout his whole story against Raleigh, you confront another twofold difficulty. It becomes inexplicable why Raleigh allowed an old friend with whom, whilst that friend was carrying on his Spanish intrigue, he was in almost daily intercourse, to rush headlong upon ruin. And, if the whole accusation from first to last was false, it comes to be almost as hard to comprehend why a bystander so wary and so experienced in statecraft as was the French ambassador, De Beaumont, reached the conclusion that Raleigh had really incurred the guilt of treason. Beaumont, the

bitter enemy of Spain, cannot but have looked with favour upon Raleigh's known course as a soldier and statesman under Elizabeth. His own colleague in the French embassy had held close intercourse with Raleigh. Foreigner as he was, the Count of Beaumont knew enough of English law to see that it had been wrested iniquitously in order to secure Raleigh's conviction. But it was Beaumont's belief that the convicted man had been at once substantially guilty and unjustly condemned.

By Mr. Fraser Tytler, more than thirty years ago, all these difficulties were thrust violently aside, by means of one sweeping assertion. Tytler contended that Raleigh was the victim, not the plotter; and that the main contriver of the plot was Sir Robert Cecil.

Cecil's papers remain at Hatfield. They include a great number of unpublished letters addressed to him by Raleigh, both immediately before and immediately after his conviction. They contain many papers written by Cecil himself at this period, and amongst these there are very hasty drafts, as well as matured documents. How does their testimony in this dark matter accord with Tytler's solution of it?

We shall have here to compress into very small compass our researches among Lord Salisbury's MSS. which have occupied several months of labour. And there must needs underlie our epitome the assumption that the reader is already acquainted with the commonly narrated statements about the plot of Raleigh and Cobham in 1602-3. As a help towards brevity, we prefix to each small group of extracts from the Hatfield Papers the main conclusion which the new evidence has seemed to carry with it. But these conclusions are stated as points for historic ventilation. They are very far from being stated as points of dogmatic assertion.

I. Raleigh, whilst denying certain main points of his indictment, confesses that in his dealings and intercourse with Cobham he had incurred some measure of guilt towards the King:—

"The law is past agaynst mee," wrote Raleigh, after his trial was over. "The mercy of my Soverayne is all that remainethe for my cumfort. . . . And I desire your L[ordships] for the mercy of God not to doubt to move so mercifull a prince to cumpassion; and that the extremety of all extremeties be not layd on mee. Lett the offence be esteemed as your L[ordships] shall pleas, in charety, to beleve it and valem it, yet it is butt the first offence; and my service to my country and my love so many years to my supreme Lord, I trust may move so great and good a Kinge, who was never esteemed cruell: and I trust will never prove so to be. . . . Ther is no prejudice cum to the Kinge, nor never could any prejudice have cum, by that supposed horid intent,\* which the Lord of Heaven knows I never

\* The allusion is to the scheme of seizing the King's person, either at Greenwich, by invading the palace with an overpowering force on the night after a court festivity, or at Hanworth during a royal progress.

imagined. And if the Kinge, my mercifull Lord, pleas to withdrawe all his grace from me, it must be the last breathe that I shall draw in the worlde that I dy his trew vassall, that have and do love his very person. Although I must confess yt, I am most worthy of this hevy affliction for the neglect of my dewty in geving eare to sume things and in taking on me to harken to the offer of mony. Butt his mercy, I trust is greater." \*

To Lord Cecil individually another letter was addressed, nearly at the same time with the letter to the King's Commissioners, from which the preceding is an extract. In this second letter Sir Walter writes thus:—

"Your Lordshipe knowes what I have byn towards your sealf, and how long I have loved yow and have byn favoured by yow; but chang of tymes and myne own errors have worren out thos remembrances (I feare), and if ought did remayn, yet in the state wherin I stand ther can be no frindshipe; cumpassion there may be, for it is never seperat from honor and vertu. If the poure of Law be not greater than the poure of Trewth, I may justly beseich yow to releve me in this my affliction. If it be, then your L[ordship] shall have cause, as a just man, to bewayle my undeserved miserabell estate. . . . Your L[ordship] knowes my accuser, and have ever known my affection to that Nation,† for which I am accused. A hevy burden of God to be in danger of perishinge for a Prince which I have so longe hated, and to suffer thes miseres under a Prince whom I have so long loved!

"Sir, what mallice may do agaynst me," continues Raleigh, "I know not. My cause hath byn handled by strong enemyse. But if ever I so much as suspected this practize layd to my charge, leve me to death, if the same by any equety shalbe proved agaynst mee. And 'Equitas' is sayd to be 'Juris legitimi emendatio et justitiæ directio.' . . . Your L[ordship] hath known in your tyme one in this place condemned—and in this place [i.e. Winchester] he perished—who at the houre of his death received the Sacriment that he was innocent. How therefore I shalbe judged, I know not. How I have deserved to be judged, I know; and I desire nothinge but 'secundum meritum meum.' If I should say unto the Kinge that my love so longe born by me might hope for sume grace, it would perchance be taken for presumption, because he is a Kinge and my Soveraygne. But as the Kinge is a trew gentelman, and a just man besyds his being a Kinge, so he oweth unto me such a mercifull respect as the resolution most

\* From the original letter, wholly in Raleigh's hand; Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 25. The letter is thus addressed: "To the right honourable my singuler good Lords, the Earles of Suffolke and Devon, the Lorde Cecill, the Lord Henry Howard, and the Lorde Wutton;" and it bears an endorsement in Lord Cecil's hand. It was written in November, 1603. The persons addressed were the King's Commissioners for the trials at Winchester.

† Meaning Spain.

willingly to have hasarded my life and fortune for hyme agaynst all men may deserve." \*

And, once again, he addresses the King himself to like purpose immediately after the reprieve (December, 1603):—

"Wheras your Majestye hath reason to reckon me among thos who have foolishly imagined meischeif, who have wickedly intended the greatest ill towards the greatest goodnes, and yet have pleased to spare the blowe which both exampell hath taught and Law hath warranted your Majestye to strike,—alas ! what waight have words, or vowes, or protestations ? Or wherewith cann so unworthy a creture make payment of so uncountabell a debt ?

"It is trew that I have allredy suffred diversly, but deservedly. I have byn beaten with Sorrow, sed mea culpa, for it was myne own error that opened the passage to that passion. . . . My Soverayne Lorde who might justly have beaten mee, and justly have destroyde mee, have [so in MS. for 'hath'] vouchsafed to spare mee, and hath pleased to geve mee every dropp of blud in my body ; to howld me back from shame ; and to stopp his ears from the voyce of publick law and private hatred." †

II. Raleigh is profuse in acknowledgments of kindness and friendship shown to him in his adversity by Lord Cecil.

In December, 1603, whilst still at Winchester, Raleigh wrote to Cecil in these terms :—" Vouchsaufe to esteeme me as a man raysed from the dead,—though not in body, yet in mind. For neather Fortune, which sumetyme guydde mee—or rather Vanety, for with the other I was never in love—shall turne myne eyes from you toward her, while I have beinge ; nor the World, with all the cares or intisements belonging unto it, shall ever way down (though it be of the greatest wayght to mortall men,) the memory alone of your L[ordship's] trew respects had of me ; respects tried by the touch ; tried by the fier ; trew wittnises, in trew tymes ; and then only, when only availabell. And although I must first attribute unto God who inclined ; and secoundly and essentially after God to my deere Soverayne who had goodnes apt to be inclined,—goodnes and mercy without cumparison and exampell,—yet I must never forgett what I find was in your L[ordship's] desire, what in your will, what in your words and works,—so farr as coulde become you as a Counselor and farr beyound all dew to me, as an offendor. Thes I have fixed to my hart inseparably. From thes, neather tyme, nor per-

\* Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 67 B. These extracts are printed from transcripts made by their present editor's own hand. They are given literally as Raleigh wrote them, save that two or three words are supplied within brackets, that punctuation, also, is supplied, and that no attempt is made to differentiate short *i* and long *j*, or *u* and *v*. In the use of all these letters Raleigh, like so many of his contemporaries, was careless and inconsistent. Servile copying, in that particular, would only serve to make the meaning occasionally obscure.

† Hatfield MSS., vol. cii., § 109.

swation, or ought elce wonnt to chang affections or to wast them, shall beat from mee, or make old in mee, who will acknowledg your L[ordship] with a love without maske or cover, and follow yow to the end: All the rest have written to his Majesty, since the receving of his grace. I hope I may presume to do the like?"\*

Again, in the following year, from the Tower of London:—

..... "For affection, if nothing be left, it hath cast all his leves of late, and withereth in the Spring—which I cannot beleve; seeing [that] in my darck and dead Winter it made that most trewand adventurus proof of itself, which I could not hope for, and can never repay. For thos lines,—written in another hand—of which I knew the phraze, ar also written on my hart; which [lines] my sowle can never leve to repeat, while it liveth in my body. And if any cunning toong of man or of an angell tell your L[ordship] the contrary, do not beleve hym. Neither shall I ever distinguish that demonstration of my lives care † which the effect sealed, while I have being, or know ther is a God which hath ever hated that ingratetud to the ministers of His goodness."‡

Once more, towards the close of 1604:—

"Good my Lord, make an end of mee, one way or other, that I may witness to the World the great debt I owe yow. And your L[ordship] shall find it from God—and with men, in sume proportion—to your L[ordship's] advantage; to whom I will remayne your then most thanckfullest man that ever received good from your L[ordship], or ever shall."§

III. Cobham's confession that he had falsely accused Raleigh in the examinations before the Lords of the Council was,—once at least,—self-originated, and not, as Coke asserted at Raleigh's trial, made merely by contrivance with an emissary from Raleigh himself:—

On the 24th of October, 1608, Lord Cobham wrote to the Lieutenant of the Tower in these words:—

"Master Lientenant, If that I may wright unto the Lords I wold, toching Sir Walter Rawlye; besyds my letter to my Lord Cisell. God is my wittnes, it doth trouble my contiens.

"As you shall send me word, so I will do; that my letter may be redy agaynst your sonn's going. I wold very fain have the words that the Lords used of my barbarousnes in accusing him ¶ falsly. I ever trouble you; if God ever mayk me able, you shall find me thankfull. If otherwis, God will requit your charitie towrds me."¶¶

Sir George Harvey endorsed this letter from Cobham as having duly come to his hands upon the day of its date; but he determined to suppress its contents. He kept the secret within his own breast until

\* Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 112.

† Meaning, of course, "that demonstration of care for my life."

‡ Hatfield MSS., vol. cix. § 17.

§ Meaning Raleigh.

¶ Ib. § 16 [bound out of order].

¶¶ Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 77.



nearly two months had passed. When all the alleged conspirators had been tried and sentenced, he told Lord Cecil what he had taken upon himself to do, and then sent to him Cobham's letter. He gave no reason for the suppression, of which it is apparent that Lord Cecil had no previous knowledge. The reason of Harvey's disclosure in December he himself states. It was his hope that the knowledge of the fact that Cobham's own emotions and prick of conscience,—such as it was,—had previously wrought him to one retraction of the main charge against Raleigh, would tend to lessen in the eyes of the Secretary and of his colleagues the offence of his,—the Lieutenant's,—own son. For the younger Harvey, subsequently to Cobham's communication to his father, had acted as a go-between for the purpose of obtaining from Cobham another retraction.

On the 17th of December the Lieutenant of the Tower wrote thus to Secretary Lord Cecil:—"My singuler good Lorde, Knowing how easilie a man might be lymed in matters of Treason, I did heretofore leave my sonne to himselfe, without making of any apollogie for him; because I knewe not the quallitie of his offence. But now that the Lawe and his Majesty's mercyes have had ther course, I am bold to acquaint your Lordship with these inclosed, written unto me by the Lord Cobham the 24 of October last, wherebie he hath, under his own hande, manifested the gret desire he had, of himselfe,—without any instigacion of my sonne,—to justifie Sir W. R.; which course of his, being by me then stopped, as was fitt, he diverted it as I concieve—and as is verie lykely—unto Sir W. himselfe; which I leve unto your honorable considerations. And do humblie crave pardon to intreat your honorable commiseration towards my unworthie sonne, in releasing his restraint."

It is not our object to draw positive conclusions from the new items of evidence which are now tendered. But on two important points it is needful to say a few words at once. If Cobham, by his own admission, stands plainly convicted both as a traitor and as a liar; and if Raleigh, also by his own admission, had certainly incurred towards James some degree, however small, of legal and technical criminality,—though far short of high treason,—why had Raleigh suffered his quondam friend, without warning or remonstrance, to carry on foolish and perilous schemes? If Cecil, again, by Raleigh's express acknowledgment, had acted a friendly part,—after the trial,—why had he, too, permitted,—on such testimony as that offered by Cobham,—the comrade of many years, and of many dangers, to come so near the block as almost to touch it? It was Raleigh, we have to remember, who had stood beside Robert Cecil, shoulder to shoulder, when that statesman had been called upon to face the greatest peril of his political career,—the life or death wrestle with the Earl of Essex. It is Raleigh who asserts the presence in Robert Cecil of many fine and generous qualities. And the

assertion is made after the asserter had been convicted of treason at Winchester. Had it not been for Cecil, no suspicion of treason would have been cast upon him. For Cobham's lie was invented upon sight of certain words written by Raleigh to Cecil, the meaning and intention of which Cobham had misconstrued. Raleigh knew all this. Yet, after his knowledge, he writes to Cecil not only the sentences printed on p. 192, but also this sentence:—"To use defences for the errors of former times, I cannot. I have failed both in friendship and in judgment." Those words, also, were written in December, 1603.\*

The registers of the Privy Council are among the records which contain materials for Raleigh's biography, both precious and unused,—as will be shown, it is hoped, hereafter. There is special reason for believing that on the plots of 1603 they would be likely to throw a gleam or two of strong light. But unfortunately, both for the early years of James's reign and for the closing months of Elizabeth's, they have long been lost. In their absence, we have sometimes to piece out the authoritative information to be found at Hatfield, and at the new Rolls House, on the transactions which marked James's entrance into his English kingdom, by the aid of the contemporary, but less reliable, evidence of despatches written by foreign ambassadors at the Court of London. Possibly, even a very brief glance at the events of the April and May of 1603, may a little aid the reader in his conjectures as to the hidden cause of that strangely contrasted relative position towards each other, in which Raleigh, Cobham, and Cecil met at Winchester in the following November. All three had served Elizabeth in high offices of State. All three had been the joint leaders of a powerful political party. Cobham was at once Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, a Knight of the Garter, and the brother-in-law of Elizabeth's secretary and of James's all-powerful minister. At the crisis of affairs which had preceded Elizabeth's death, those three statesmen had met together in conclave, by day and by night, at an episcopal palace in London. And their joint resolves had made a revolution in public policy. Cobham, however, shone only by reflected light. Despite his dignities, he was essentially a cipher. But he had the ear of the queen. In her declining years, he possessed a peculiar share of her confidence. It was very fitful, but influential. Hence arose a factitious importance, which otherwise Cobham could never have attained.

Within little more than two years of those meetings at Durham House, the three meet again, in an episcopal palace in Winchester. One of them now sits on the bench as a judge, and as a peer of Parliament; the other two answer before him and his fellows for their lives, and are sentenced to the block. It is very true that a famous "secret correspondence" between London and Edinburgh had been carried on during the interval between the conferences at Durham

\* Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 112.

House and the tribunals at Wolvesey Castle, and that it had not been without grave influence upon the change of position amongst the old comrades. But those who make that the only hinge-fact of the transformation, lay themselves open to more objections than one. Not only are they forced to exaggerate the baser elements in human nature, in order to win belief for their hypothesis. They are forced, too, to depict a statesman of great ability as an unmitigated knave, in the face of fair antecedent character. And even that is not their whole difficulty. It will not be enough to paint Robert Cecil as a scoundrel. It would also be essential to depict Walter Raleigh as a fool. For Raleigh had attained a tolerably approximate knowledge of the transactions between James and Cecil; and,—as we have shown already,—he asserts over and over again that, towards James, Cecil had proved himself, not his enemy, but his friend. How is the imbroglio to be explained?

Simply, by way of suggestion,—not at all by way of dogma,—we submit that two factors in the problem have usually been undervalued. They are Raleigh's ambition, and the undeviating intensity of purpose with which he clung to war with Spain and the backing of the Dutch Provinces as the cardinal points of English policy. His ambition prompted him to fathom, if he could, what those Spanish plans really were which lay at the bottom of the eagerness shown by the Archduke's minister, the Count of Arenbergh, to cultivate Cobham's friendship. His ambition prompted him to watch patiently the successive steps in a mysterious intrigue,—to which he might well think he had more than one eventual clue,—and to wait for the coming of an opportunity in which he might step in, not with mere information, but with authoritative counsel. His hatred of Spain, and of the policy in Europe of which Spain was at once the vanguard and the battalia, equally prompted him to stand aloof from rendering to Cobham any duty of private friendship which might deprive him of a clue to Spanish plots for gaining ascendancy over James. That hatred also prompted him to stand aloof from rendering to Cecil any political service which might strengthen Cecil's hands before Raleigh himself was fully resolved, in his own mind, whether those hands would strain their powers on behalf of English alliance with France and the free Netherlands, or of English alliance with Spain and the Archdukes. Do the new items of evidence as to what passed at the English Court in the April and May of 1603, tend to give support, in any measure, to these suggestions?

A word or two must first be said of the circumstances under which the intercourse between Arenbergh and Cobham originated. Cobham and Raleigh went together to Ostend in July, 1600. By one of those curious conjunctions of fortune which are perhaps less strange than,—for want of record,—they are thought to be, the two friends went thither as the bearers of a loving message from Sir Robert Cecil to Thomas

Grey, fifteenth Lord Grey of Wilton,—who a little before had incurred Queen Elizabeth's displeasure,—as well as to have a glimpse of the pomp and circumstance of war. There are at Hatfield most interesting accounts of the intercourse in Ostend of three men, all of whom were then in the full pride of martial enterprise or of high employments, and with fair prospects of higher greatness to come. Both Grey and Raleigh were staunch friends of Dutch independence; implacable enemies of Spain. They agreed in but little else. Cobham's political sympathies went already in the opposite direction. And he found means to indicate it. He presently became known in the Archduke's camp as a friend at Court in England. But when the three friends were together in the Dutch camp, Cobham's divergence of view was still, it seems, unknown.\* The three never met again till they were fellow-prisoners,—for having been alleged fellow-traitors,—at Winchester, in November, 1603. All three were then mixed up in indictments which strung together, pell-mell, accusations of intentions to murder King James, to enthrone Arabella Stuart, and to support the policy of Spain.

Nearly three years after the visit to Ostend, Raleigh and Cobham sat together at dinner in Cobham's mansion at the Blackfriars. They discussed the question of peace with Spain, and grew very angry over it. Cobham then said to Raleigh: "When Count Arenbergh comes over, he will yield such strong arguments for the peace as will satisfy any man. And some great sums of money will be given to councillors who will help it forward." And so on. It was then, if Raleigh's word,—spoken under solemn auspices,—is to be credited, that he made the answer: "When I see the money, I will tell you whether I will take any of it, or no."

Arenbergh wrote repeatedly to Cobham about the negotiations for a treaty of peace, before he came to England. In April, 1603, Cobham sent one of those letters to Cecil, and with it he made the inquiry, "What answer I shall make unto Arenbergh, I pray you be a means that I may know."† In May, came another letter. It was written by way of an introduction to Cobham of the very agent with whom some of his treasonable intents were, by his indictment, alleged to have been plotted. This also was sent to Cecil. In enclosing it, Cobham wrote thus: "Arenbergh doth imagine my credit to be as formerly it was. I hold it my part to acquaint you herewith."‡ There is every probability that Raleigh knew of this eagerness,—whether real or affected,—to make Cecil cognisant of some part of the intercourse with Arenbergh. It may well have been designed by Cobham as a cloak. But may it not also be thought to contribute some little ray of light to Raleigh's attitude at this critical juncture?

\* Hatfield MSS., vol. lxxx. § 84. Ibid., "Pillar C," b. iv. § 100.

† Hatfield MSS., vol. xcix. § 111, *seq.* ‡ Hatfield MSS., vol. xcix. § 111, *seq.*

Be that as it may, there is certainly on another point of the evidence which tends in the same direction. The friendly intercourse between Raleigh and Cobham had continued down to the time of their respective arrests. Raleigh was managing a negotiation with the Duke of Lenox for a lease of certain crown lands on his friend's behalf; and he had papers connected with it, as well as a very large sum in money and jewels belonging to Cobham, upon his person when pacing the terrace at Windsor, and waiting to mount in the king's suite, at the moment of his hasty summons to appear before the Privy Council. But long before that moment Cobham's eagerness to confer with Raleigh on political topics had wonderfully cooled. Before Count Arenbergh came to London, Cobham was gushingly confidential with his friend on the affairs of Spain and of the Archdukes. After Arenbergh's arrival he became very reticent. This fact goes far to explain the vagueness of phrase in which Cobham's accusation was always couched. "He instigated my treason." "He would never let me alone." "But for him, I had not meddled with such matters." These, and other expressions of like indefiniteness, abound in the depositions. And the fact has also a most important bearing on the one salient characteristic of the trial at Winchester,—the persistent refusal of the Crown lawyers to permit Raleigh to confront his accuser. The prisoner was bent on getting at particulars. The prosecutors were bent, not less firmly, on keeping within the safer generalities of alleged "instigation," and the like. They insisted on making Raleigh play what, in the old forms of indictment for murder, was Satan's part.

The contrast on this head could hardly find plainer expression in human speech than was given to it, in the course of one of those curiously personal interpellations which give so dramatic a character to the authentic reports of Raleigh's trial, overlaid though they have been by somnolent and careless editors. At a moment when Raleigh's vehement demand had made an obvious impression on some of the jurors, the dialogue between bench and prisoner proceeded thus:—*Raleigh*: "Whosoever is the workman, it is reason he should give account of his work to the workmaster. Let it be proved that Cobham acquainted me with any of his conference with Arenbergh." *Cecil*: "That follows not. If I set you at work, and you give me no account, am I therefore innocent?"\* Had Cobham and Raleigh been brought face to face at Winchester, a divergence between the schemes, the wishes, and the governing motives of the two men would have become as plain as the sun at noonday.

\* Report of Trial, in MS. Cott., Titus, C vii. (Brit. Mus.).

## LIFE STUDIES.

### No. I. "OUR OWN" GREAT MAN.

---

You think a great deal about leadership in England. The whole tone of the press instances how much you concede to the man who takes precedence of his fellows; and when the arena is the great council of the nation, and it is the leadership of the House or of the Opposition which is in question, the great commoner occupies, perhaps, the most conspicuous station in the country. Foreigners usually ascribe this to our innate love of ability,—that reverence for genius which is so strong a trait of our people. I accept the flattery with gratitude; but I admit that I dissent from the explanation. I really believe the homage we render is simply the offspring of our worship of power. Power is the English ideal, whether it be exercised by a mill-wheel or a millionaire,—by dint of money, or a stroke of a steam-hammer. We do love force,—force that beats down opposition and impresses its own rule. The strong man is seldom in the wrong with us. It is a very fine theory for people who profess to admit that nothing succeeds like success. I am not sure it makes us more amiable or more modest,—more deferential to those who differ from us, or more generally conciliating in intercourse; but it imparts a great deal of that active and persevering spirit which accepts difficulty as a natural obstacle, and is quite satisfied that the road of life should have many a barricade and many a pitfall. The idea of roughing it is very early implanted in the English heart. It is the schoolboy's first gleam of heroism. It is the college man's first bit of romance. It is the hard-worked lawyer's dream of enjoyment for the long vacation. It is the proud peer's best reason for renting a mountain in the Highlands. From all this it is clear enough how intimately we associate the power to endure and to brave with a sense of superiority. Hence that race of African travellers, Nile explorers, North Polar expeditionists, which we alone give to the world; and hence, in a smaller way, our yachting men, our Alpine Clubbists, and canoe-voyagers. To work out a station, a fortune, a celebrity, or a title is the English "El Dorado," because by any of these successes power is accomplished. It is the impuissance of poverty which has made poverty despicable in our eyes; and the man who can do nothing we regard as only a degree above a criminal.

Perhaps no better test of the temper of a people could be found

than the sort of person the nation delights to honour. Here it is the rich man, with shares and ships and argosies ; there it is the military chief who has covered his name with glory ; now it is the philanthropist ; and now the subtle statesman, who has made his small country of great account, and her alliance a thing to bid for. Very few indeed are they who would be great in all lands. To win a nation's favour a man must be so imbued with the traits and temper of the people he belongs to as to almost idealise them. This the first Napoleon did. This, too, in a great degree, was the secret of Wellington's success with ourselves. And now, shall I come to what led me to these speculations ? The confession is soon made. In the village I live in,—I will not give the geography, and will only say it is near the Apennines, and not far from the Arno,—there is a great man, and a very great man,—a man of whom, as Peel said of Palmerston, we are all proud. Perhaps I cannot go so far as to say that we admire without envy. This would be too much. But our envy has no bitterness ; it is but another form of homage. We see that he has conferred a lustre on our town, and we feel that we all bask in the sunshine of his success. "Tennyson's county, sir," said the postillion, as he touched his hat, to intimate to the traveller that he had entered on classic ground. So say we to our new arrivals, "You are aware that — lives here."

I trust the reader appreciates the modesty of the blank. I trust he values the noble forbearance with which I have restrained myself from filling up a cheque in which I might have written down millions. You ask me, doubtless, what is the nature of his greatness. Is he poet, orator, statesman, sculptor ? Has he linked high deeds to undying verse, or bequeathed to ages to come some page of history on canvas ? Is he an architect, who has adorned his native city by some splendid temple or noble cathedral, or is he a great inventor, whose discoveries have widened the sphere of industry and enlarged the limits of human enjoyment ? I could not, perhaps, say he is any of these, but it is not impossible that I might not declare he is all of them together.

Of one thing I am sure,—no combination of qualities could give a man a more indisputable pre-eminence than he enjoys amongst us. To be seen with him is a distinction,—to have him for a guest is fame. Now I know, and indeed I sympathise with, your impatience. Who is he, and wherein lies this wondrous distinction by which he makes us great and himself greater ? I will not descend to the mean arts of those who pile the Pelion on the Ossa of curiosity ;—I will not practise the petty rogueries by which some writers impart glimpses of the landscape only to close the shutter again ;—I will at once declare who is our great man, or rather, what is his greatness. He leads our cotillon. "Ye gentlemen of England who live at home at ease" will, perhaps, think little of this. You will imagine that the quality which



only comes to be exercised in the small hours of the morning, under the glare of waxlights and the gaze of revellers, is a small foundation for fame or credit;—and if you think so you will be wrong, radically wrong. This man is really great. Our whole social happiness is in his hands. He makes our balls a brilliant success or a grim failure, as he will. He can cover us with glory or with shame at his mere caprice. He does not impose by his fortune, or indeed much impress you by his person. He is a small, some say a finical-looking little man, with a well-cut whisker, a soft eye, and a neat foot. His voice is gentle, save in moments of command; but I have heard him call out “*À vos places, mesdames!*” with the ring of a trumpet. His gestures, too, are courteous and conciliating. I speak of him, of course, as one sees him at table or on the promenade; for in the ball-room the man is what the emergency makes him, as was Picton on the battle-field. Supremely calm at the first bars of the music, he glances around him as might Nelson while the squadron formed in line at his lee. The superb air with which he leads out his partner a king might copy at his nuptials. Grandly graceful is the wave of that hand, as though it said,—“I share with you this greatness, on which I sit as on a throne. So long as you partake of my favour, your station is queen-like.”

There is something of indolence, almost of languor, about his first movements. The opening of all battles, they say, is the same. It is only when the battalions are crowding up and the squadrons closing that the general-in-chief is seen moving eagerly to the front,—guiding, directing, encouraging, supporting. How fine it is to see our man, as the engagement thickens, throwing himself into the wildest of it! With what subtle grace he wends through the tangled throng, disengaging his terrified partner, and carrying her triumphantly through the *mêlée*.

Mark the difference with which he insinuates his arm around the timid waist, and the almost reckless abandonment with which he clasps the matronly plumpness that comes bouncingly along, and, like a charge of the household brigade, sweeps all before it. How with a touch, as it were, he encourages the shy or reproves the exuberant. He is here, he is there, he is everywhere. The music takes its measure from his movements, and the director's *bâton* seems to follow his gestures. Inspired by him, the dancers have no other will; and they are languidly voluptuous or wildly rapturous, as his spirit fires them.

Down the room he sweeps, partner in hand, and a floating throng, gauzy and filmy, follow him, to scatter, dove-like, with a flutter as he claps his hands, and then clustering at a signal to gather round him, eager, panting, and expectant, till he bursts forth with one of those flashes of eccentric fancy which unites all that is wildest in caprice with whatever is most graceful in gesture.

Till you saw him, could you believe what suggestiveness there was in a footstool, what poetry in a hat, or what tenderness in the touch of the fire-irons? There is nothing which he cannot make tributary to his genius, from the umbrella in the hall to the rug before the fire. You never suspected till now how the dance enters into the very heart of domestic life, and how all the little moods of every-day existence are typified by a "trois temps," or pictured in a polka. Our great man knows he is profound in the psychology of waltzing; and he knows to a turn when a dancer is done. Hence is it that mothers of many daughters court his favour and scheme for his patronage. In olden times it was the priest made the marriages,—now it is the polka. People in the present age are too busy, too ardent in the pursuit of fortune, too eager in the hunt after success, to have time for love-making. To meet the requirements of a hard-worked generation, the cotillon was invented; and as in the garden of certain Dutch restaurants there used to be fish-ponds to which epicures repaired before dinner, and pointed out in the crystal basin the precise fish on which they had fixed their affections, so here, outside the range of chairs within which the dancers glide and gambol, stand these epicures to canvass and criticise, and mayhap to choose, doubtless with some sentiment akin to what passed through the other gourmand's mind when he said, "I saw it alive this morning."

It is in the consciousness, then, that it is not a mere dance over which he presides that gives the leader of the cotillon that air of supreme pride, that look of haughty domination. He feels that he emblematises the future by a figure, and evolves destiny out of what, to common eyes, looks a hopeless confusion. There he goes, this instant, beneath our window, a camellia in his button-hole. He looks cheerful and gay, as though nothing weighty lay on his spirits! There is, however, no guessing these things. I saw Palmerston with such a face the day war was proclaimed against Russia, and yet he must have known that the cotillon would be a long one, and he must have had his own suspicions about his partner.

---

## SYBEL'S HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION.\*

---

It is not fair to call the French Revolution up for judgment in this precise year of 1868, and bring it in guilty of all the untoward circumstances of this period. M. von Sybel, its latest historian, a Prussian deputy and professor, does this. He looks around him, and sees four or five great military empires dominant in Europe. "Behold," he exclaims, "the fault of the great popular French Revolution." Prussia, Austria, and Russia were, however, military monarchies previous to and during the French Revolution. They combined to attack it, and France, in putting forth all its military strength to resist, became itself, unfortunately, a military monarchy too. Is that to be charged to the French Revolution?

Military monarchies are very different from what they were; different in their bases as well as in their aims. It is not long since their overgrown armies were maintained avowedly for the purpose of keeping down explosion or expression of discontent amongst the people. But as such great armies can only be raised by conscription, they come to constitute, if not the people, at least the really valid portion of it. Such armies cannot be treated as were those of Frederick II. and Louis XIV. A ruler ever so despotic must consider them as he does the rest of his people, and if he does not consult their opinions, or stoop to ask counsel of them, he must not offend, or outrage, or run counter to their sentiments. Neither the French Emperor nor the Prussian King could at the present moment undertake an unpopular war. The control exercised over them by their people is as great, and perhaps greater, than that exercised by the English public or press over the administration of the Georges.

It is not just, therefore, of M. von Sybel to assert that the French have made no political gains by their revolution;—whilst their social gains have been avowedly enormous. The English enjoy an infinitely greater degree of freedom at the present moment than the French, and yet the latter have shaken off a number of shackles which Englishmen are not able to touch. Every one must see, too, that if the hands of the French Government are strong, and its sway unrestricted, this is owing to accidental and temporary causes, and that a system of despotism has as little chance of prevailing for any length of time upon one side of the Channel as upon the other. We

\* "Geschichte der Revolutionszeit von 1789 bis 1795." Von Heinrich von Sybel.

may therefore dismiss M. von Sybel's political theories, which fortunately do not interfere with his statement of facts, elucidation of causes, or even appreciation of character.

In these respects M. von Sybel has much to teach the world and the French concerning their own revolution, and especially concerning its relations with Germany. The great defect, indeed, of all French histories of the Revolution is ignorance, often wilful ignorance, of what passed in foreign countries. What hash does M. Thiers make of French relations with England, although the English policy of the period is a matter of public and documental record ! Of German affairs the ignorance is, of course, still greater, because more unavoidable. And it is into this dark portion of the international history that M. von Sybel undertakes to throw light. He has had access to many of the German State archives, that of Berlin especially. The memoirs, too, of the minister Harzberg were at his disposal for the history of the first years of the Revolution. He does not, indeed, quote specially where several portions of his information are gleaned. Still what he discloses is always curious, even when it is not important, and serves to correct many serious errors.

The first care, indeed probably the first motive, of M. Sybel seems to have been to defend his countrymen from the imputation of French writers. It certainly was, and still is, a subject of grave reproach that the German and the English sovereigns united could not make more impression than they did by their regular and disciplined armies upon a country in a state of anarchy and almost dissolution. Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, in his memoirs, says that from 1791 to 1794 the officers and soldiers of the French armies were simply at school, learning their profession in the face of the enemy, brave and fully equal to the task of light warfare,—such as surprises, skirmishes, defence,—but totally unequal to steady manœuvres in the field, and consequently to the fighting of a great battle. The reproach to Brunswick and to Cobourg is, that they allowed the French time to learn their profession, and to become the masters of all other nations therein. Why and how they did so is for the first time now fully explained by Sybel, who has found in the archives and State papers of German courts the true cause of the diplomatic and underhand rivalry between Austria and Prussia, which paralysed their military movements, and, indeed, rendered their political purposes not only abortive, but ridiculous.

The chief cause of the failure of monarchic Europe to fight more energetic and successful battles with the intrusive republic was the designs of the three great Eastern powers upon Poland. Prussia and Russia were no doubt the original spoilers, and Austria was obliged to join them, as much in self-defence and preservation as from motives of ambition and greed. But as Austria could always offer to the court of St. Petersburg an alliance far more valuable for its aggrandisement

either east or west than Prussia, not only the latter power, but its principal commanders, came to entertain jealousy and hatred of Austria as their first passion, all other objects and motives being secondary. This was the sentiment which prevailed in the breast of the Duke of Brunswick when he led the Prussian armies against republican France,—sentiments of which he ultimately induced his sovereign to partake. All this is fully set forth in Sybel. Every reader will thank him for the light he has thrown upon modern history, although very few in England will adopt his exclusively German view of the partition of Poland. The conduct of the Poles may have been as suicidal as provocative; but the crime of extinguishing a great nation, and condemning it to years of oppression, turbulence, rebellion, and extermination, must remain an indelible blot upon Prussia, which first plotted the spoliation, and upon Austria, which consented to become a participator. That crime, indeed, they expiated fully. It was it and its consequences which first paralysed the German commanders, and opened the path of conquest to Dumouriez, to Jourdan, and to Pichegru. Prussia, exulting in the little province it had stolen from Poland, looked with culpable apathy on the subjection of Holland, as well as of the Low Countries, and allowed Austria to be crushed, hoping that the humiliation of the Emperor might procure the exaltation of his rival at Berlin. How false a dream that was the victory of Jena came to tell.

To explain this, M. Sybel has been obliged to go largely into the history of his country, both during the great French catastrophe and previous to it. His sketch is able and suggestive. One is struck with the contrast in the efforts made in the same century by the Eastern and by the Western States of Europe to emerge from the difficulties and embarrassments, the one of rude and retarded civilisation, the other of progress so partial and ill-directed as to beget only impoverishment and discontent. The peculiarity of the east of Europe is, that no geographical frontier divides it. Race alone marks the difference between nations, and the indispensable conditions of a race maintaining existence and independence are, an efficient government and army. Prussia first set about this with the energy of a young and scarcely recognised people, whilst Poland neglected it with the nonchalant confidence of an old, and in their opinion an imperishable nation. The Czar Peter, Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa, and Joseph laboured hard to lay solid foundations for military monarchy. The French in 1789 had no such views. The abolition of privilege, the establishment of freedom, were at first their aims. These they in a great measure missed. Liberty, indeed, they never attained. But they did accomplish what their eastern rivals in vain aimed at,—efficiency of administration and superiority of military power;—a strong proof that even to acquire these no reform from above, and no change in the upper regions of society, can altogether

suffice. It is necessary to dig deep into the popular soil in order to lay the foundation even of military empire.

The supremacy of the Prussian army died with Frederick, whilst the selfish and personal policy which he bequeathed to his successor led to illusions, treachery, and errors fatal to the Prussian monarchy. Prussia, in fact, to be anything, must be German,—a truth and a necessity which Prussian statesmen, almost to our day, have been apt to forget. They who were contemporaries of the French Revolution and Empire never awoke to it till the monarchy was in the dust. Their first, their absorbing thought was to get a bit of Pomerania, or an additional slice of Poland. And as Austria chiefly opposed them, Austria was the arch-enemy. Such was the policy of Herzberg, who held office in Berlin on the eve of the French Revolution, and from whose inedited papers Sybel has largely drawn. It was, however, not certainly to Prussia that the world should have looked for indignation and resistance against the cruelties and pretensions of the French Republic. The Austrian Low Countries form the neighbouring land most coveted and first invaded by the French. The Queen of France, sister of the successive emperors, was in every respect of person and character a woman to call forth their sympathies. But the Austrian princes seemed to have no hearts, and whilst Leopold hoped, and pothered, and negotiated, Frederick William of Prussia alone felt the chivalrous desire to rush to the aid of the French royal family. But every Prussian statesman threw cold water on the royal enthusiasm. And finally, the Duke of Brunswick whom he strangely appointed his generalissimo and who as strangely accepted the appointment, entertained such a jealous hatred of Austria, and such mingled awe and admiration of France, that to have put the army of invasion into his hands was from the first tantamount to neutralisation and defeat.

Having recounted the early events of the French Revolution, and described its effect upon Europe, M. Sybel pauses at the opening of his second volume to ask how it possibly could have come to pass that a great popular movement to fling off feudality and restore the natural rights of the oppressed classes should, in so short a time, have degenerated into a mere territorial struggle for provinces and frontiers. This question, tantamount to a reproach, is especially addressed to the German and Russian powers. For the French themselves adhered fanatically to their hatred of all privileged classes, sovereigns included; whilst Pitt, their great antagonist, was actuated far more by the conservative principle of defending the social and political institutions of England than even by his desire to maintain or restore the territorial balance of power. As a proof of this we need but adduce the Count de Narbonne's last interview with Pitt, as recounted by Villemain in his "*Souvenirs*."

Austrian and Prussian as well as Russian statesmen, on the contrary,

seem very soon to have abandoned anything like a war of principle, and to have been actuated solely by territorial policy. The result of this was that each country completely missed the aim towards which it directed its efforts. France, which, as before observed, hoisted the banner of democratic freedom, and threatened to make it prevail over the world, became the trembling slave, first, of half-a-dozen maniacs of the Committee of Public Safety, and then of as many libertines and simpletons installed as the Directory. And, at last, which was never thought of at first, military superiority, and consequent ascendancy over Europe, accrued to her unexpectedly, and changed the whole face, prospects, and character of the Revolution. France, thus setting out in search of freedom and equality, achieved universal dominion under military rule. The powers opposed to her, already subject to military rule, and seeking as the first good extended dominion, lost, two of them, half their empire, whilst the third, menaced with subjection and its capital burned, paid the full penalty of its greed towards unfortunate Poland. It is thus in political history as in private career,—people set out, when young, inspired by great principles to attain sentimental aims, which in a little time, amidst the vicissitudes and disappointments of life, are lost sight of in the more vulgar benefits of personal vanity or material fortune.

As the revolutionary war advanced, it became more and more manifest that the original objection to treat with revolutionists and regicides no longer prevented the German powers from negotiating. Prussia was attracted by the prospect of acquiring the property of the old ecclesiastical electorates eastward of the Rhine. As to Austria, its aim was to obtain Bavaria as an indemnity for Belgium. Hitherto the general opinion has been that Prussia played a catiff part, and was untrue to Germany, when it concluded the Peace of Basel, in the beginning of 1795, with France, and ceded, at least in the secret articles of the treaty, the entire left bank of the Rhine. Sybel, however, shows that Austria was just as ready then to treat as Prussia. The minister Thugut instigated the Archduke Ferdinand of Tuscany to send an envoy, Carletti, to Paris; and his efforts were directed to bring about a peace by which Austria should obtain Bavaria in compensation for all that it lost beyond the Rhine. The French Thermidorians, however, having gained Prussia, did not see the necessity of making further concessions to Austria. What they most needed was military triumph to enhance their reputation and consolidate their power. This great want and desire of the Directory Bonaparte sprang up to gratify. The reputation and strength, however, accrued to himself,—not to the Directory. Austria meanwhile, seeing its offers repudiated by the French, and its power threatened at the same time by them and Prussia, turned to England and to Russia, and united with them in an alliance for the renewal of the war.



But what must be chiefly looked to, even in a German historian of the French Revolution, is his view of the internal causes which produced the great catastrophe, and then diverted it from the most desirable conclusion,—that of constitutional freedom. There were two distinct series of causes which led to the Revolution,—the moral and intellectual, and the material, each requiring consideration to discover and space to elucidate. From the learned professor of a university we should have expected to find chapters and disquisitions devoted to the first. But M. Sybel seems to have thought that such were prolegomena to the history of revolution, requiring to be treated apart, and to demand a development incompatible with the scope and practical nature of his history. The material causes are, however, minutely entered into, with an elaborate account of the condition and earnings of the French peasant. From the fact that the manufacture of lace employed a population far greater than that of woollens, and from the circumstance of the preparation of hair-powder being more extensive and productive than that of several necessities of life, he points to the conclusion how much vanity prevailed as a national motive over comfort.

In all the accounts which have been given of France before the Revolution we find complaint made of one great material grievance,—stagnation. This was chiefly owing to the impediments which the Government always contrived to put in the way of the formation or accumulation of wealth. The first requisite for such accumulation is sure investment for moderate savings. These form the pools and small national reservoirs from which any great or useful supply of capital can alone be drawn. In France, however, under the old monarchy, there never was a sure investment. If money were lent on land, the noble proprietor had many ways of defeating his creditor, of delaying or refusing payment. Government interfered to alter or annul the contract.\* The first act of a Controller-General of Finance in distress was to stop the interest of the Rentes on the Hôtel de Ville. The consequence was that no one would lay up his money there, and that all preferred life annuities or tontines. But what was more preferred than either was to purchase a government office. This was the way, indeed, in which French parents in general provided for their offspring. They bought for them a place at court, in the magistracy, or in the fiscal department. As the creation of these places was the most economical way of raising a loan, of course they were multiplied beyond all bounds, creating the most dangerous of all classes,—that bred to live in idleness, yet insecure in their means of living, and with just education enough to indulge in and spread the widest discontent. As to the employment of large capital, this was

\* The great cause of the quarrel of the Parlement with Law was its forced reduction of the interest paid upon mortgages or loans to land. See the petition of the Legists in Buret.

still more insecure. Dargenson records how aught in the way of manufacture was réglementé out of existence, and how it took months for a petition or a remonstrance to reach the ear of a minister, much more obtain an answer from him. As to trade, this was monopolised by companies, in which the Government always took the prevailing part, and which of course they spoiled. Similar was the case with every national attempt at colonisation; still worse indeed,—for the clergy or the Jesuits deemed they had a permanent right to interfere in colonies, and on this score Church and State continually quarrelled. The army, too, monopolised its portion, and shut the industrious and producing class altogether out of consideration and existence.

It would be easy to explain how upon this followed the decay of agriculture, which best thrives by the capital that flows down upon it from the accumulations of other than agricultural classes. An isolated landed class never thrives. It has but two qualities, frugality and prodigality. Peasant, farmer, and landlord of themselves can never convert agriculture into an industry. Still these classes contrived to exist in France till some years past the middle of the century, when, towards the close of Louis XV.'s reign, took place a momentous change in the seasons, year after year proving as unfavourable as in the previous years they had been fruitful and warm. Tooke places this period at 1768, after which famine years became the rule, and a fair harvest the exception. Here was another, perhaps the most cogent, cause of the French Revolution.

It is usual to refer the state of misery to which the lower classes of France had fallen before the Revolution to other causes than these. The undue privileges, the selfishness, and the monopolies granted to or grasped by the noblesse, are put forward as the principal reasons. The nobles are said to have exempted themselves altogether from taxation, which is by no means true. The cultivated land paid the taille, and of course it was levied on the cultivator or farmer. But, like the tithes, this was taken into consideration when the land was let and hired. As to monopoly of land in consequence of the droit d'aînesse, Arthur Young declares that the French soil in his time was too much subdivided on account of the equal partition of heritages, and he indites thereon the self-same complaints which writers of the present day do as to the subdivision of the land. The local influence and authority of the noblesse are also adduced as a great grievance. But M. de Tocqueville has proved that, under the ancient monarchy, centralisation and the intendants as completely nullified all opposition, especially that of the seigneur, as the later centralisation of Napoleon with his prefects. Another accredited opinion is, that there existed an impassable line between the noble and ignoble, and that whilst the uppermost of the middle and commercial class in England rose and mingled with the aristocracy, in France this was forbidden. Nothing

can be more untrue. The greater part of the French noblesse in 1789 consisted of those who had purchased their nobility within the previous century. That the French aristocracy weighed upon the classes below them there can be no doubt. But the galling oppression was, if we mistake not, far more social than economical, and more wounding to pride than to purse. That the people were justified in flinging off the yoke is as true as that many benefits have flowed from their doing so. But it would be exaggeration to affirm that aristocracy comprised all the evils of the ancient régime, and that democracy was the real and the best remedy. We fear, nevertheless, that such is M. Sybel's opinion, however carefully veiled. His own country suffers under those overweening privileges of birth,—privileges which will no doubt disappear with the progress of time. But their abrogation by a democratic revolution, like that of France, is a dubious and dangerous remedy. To supersede an aristocracy of birth by one of functionaries, military and civil, is not an advance in the path either of liberty or of true equality.

We shall not enter upon that vast subject, the moral and intellectual causes or precedents of the Revolution. An historian who, like M. Sybel, confines himself to the epoch, must shrink from going so far back as would be necessary for such a research. It would comprise an account of the long rivalry between Paris and Versailles, of which evident and curious traces are to be seen in the letters of Madame de Sévigné. That one was no better than the other was perceptible when Paris, its ideas and its habits, became dominant under the Regent. The struggle continued not the less, and was that of wit against dulness, free thought against bigotry, learning against ignorance, and vice concealed in all the charms of society against vice whose nakedness was dressed, but in transparent splendour. Yet if the monarchy could have contrived to pay, it would have triumphed over the cynicism of Paris. For all the world was in its pay. And hence the moral resolved itself into the material cause, after all.

Here arises a question which involves others much disputed, and of great importance. Could Turgot, if supported in his ministry, have restored to the monarchy plenitude of power with ampleness of means? No doubt he could have done so. The whole gist of the matter lies in these words. If Turgot could have joined the address of the courtier to the wisdom of the statesman, he might have preserved his influence over the king, and fought the battle of royalty with all the classes and personages of the nation united against him. The noblesse both of court and provinces, the citizen class and the peasantry, were all clamorous against the reformer, and unless he succeeded in obtaining or compelling from Louis XVI. the same adherence which Richelieu wrung from Louis XIII., the completion of his plan was impossible. Yet Turgot might have stood his ground

were it not for his determined resistance to the war with England on behalf of America. He represented such war to be as pernicious as useless. England, he said, could not conquer her revolted colonies; and even if she did, she would find them impossible to govern. After this, councils of ministers were held without Turgot being summoned to them, especially that in which the naval armaments were decided upon and ordered. These facts are disclosed by the *Memoirs of the Abbé de Veri*, the intimate friend of Turgot, of which, though yet inedited, several passages and letters have been recently published.\* Had Turgot been a man of the world, had Mirabeau been a man of honour, there is no saying what they might have done for the restoration or maintenance of the monarchy; but, as it was, individual intelligence was powerless amidst the precipitous current of ideas and events, of wants which no one could supply, abuses no one could remedy, and aspirations that no governing power could satisfy.

M. Sybel places much stress upon the doctrines of the Rights of Man, which Lafayette himself proclaimed, and which substituted republican for monarchical principles. They implied and necessitated self-government, for which he thinks the French were as unfit from character as from ignorance and inexperience. We, however, do not really see what the French could do but have recourse to republican principles when the monarchic one had so egregiously failed. Royalty, wielding absolute power, had died a natural death. It could not perform its functions, and had given up the ghost. The revival of it by communicating power to the upper and propertied class had failed through the insane conduct of the nobles and clergy. The people were left no choice. That the democracy must rule was inevitable. The only thing to struggle for was to render the more enlightened, the more educated, and the more humane portion of the people the guides and magistrates of the mere rabble. There was no want of talent, of education, or even of energy in the former. Revolutionary writers, indeed, stigmatised it as a selfish and unscrupulous bourgeoisie, anxious to tyrannise over the poor and labouring class. But the bourgeoisie was not a mere mass of shopkeepers or traders. The more prominent members were professional persons, lawyers, functionaries, men of letters, even clergy, as able and as well entitled to govern as the courtier class of the Maurepas, the Briennes, or the Calannes. Unfortunately, the privileged and dethroned classes scouted those of the middle rank, who were rising to take, or at least to share, their power and influence; and the middle class were slow to resist and repress such arrogance. "Make an executive, create an executive," exclaimed Mirabeau. "Till you do that, your constitution is nothing but humbug, and your Rights of Man but so many words." Mirabeau first aimed at establishing an executive founded on a parlia-

\* In "*Le Correspondant*" of August 25, 1866.

mentary majority. But the Feuillants would not hearken to him. Failing of a parliamentary executive, he turned to advise and urge the king to appoint one, and to sustain it. But Louis was blind and weak, and his queen particularly hostile to the only men who could have saved the monarchy. The middle class and its representatives being thus neutralised, the mob and the mob leaders took affairs into their own hands, became masters of the capital, of the Assembly, and of France.

Immediately after the success of the Revolution, those classes which accomplished it,—the middle and the lower,—naturally quarrelled. The latter were put down in almost every town in France except Paris. Even there Lafayette at one time achieved a victory so complete over the rabble, that had he persevered and been supported by the Assembly, he would have permanently extinguished their faction. The court, unhappily, did everything to strengthen the partisans of the mob, and weaken those of the middle class; whilst the municipal body, procuring funds and turning them to the worst of purposes, was soon imitated by the sections or assemblies of districts, which also raised money and kept cut-throats in pay, until the capital became organised as a machine of popular insurrection and mob predominance, the Jacobin and Cordelier Clubs sitting as parliaments for the multitude. We do not think that the fault of all this can be laid upon French character or French ignorance. The middle class would never have allowed the rabble to get so much the head of them if the national frenzy, caused by foreign threats of invasion and repression, and the manifest connivance of the court with the utterers of these menaces, had not provoked even moderate citizens to side with the sans-culottes. We know that when the king's carriage was stopped in going to St. Cloud, it was not the rabble, but respectable citizens, who were foremost to bar the way. Lamareque admits it. If Petion, a fair representative of the middle class, truckled to the mob on the 20th of June, it was that he desired to see the court, not so grievously insulted indeed, but still receive a salutary lesson. When the king reviewed the National Guards in the court and garden of the château on the night before the 10th of August, it was the citizen and middle class who refused to defend him, and who allowed the monarchy to perish by their disgust. The fault and the original cause of all these mistakes are surely not to be traced to peculiarity of national character, but to the fact of the middle class, naturally so conservative and fond of order, being driven to adopt lower class ideas and accept lower class support by the mad provocation and fatuity of the court and the upper ranks.

French conservative writers, whether Royalist or Imperialist, cannot forgive the citizens for their early obsequiousness and later subjection to the mob. And hence the fury with which the Girondists are assailed by them. It is difficult to say whether these eminent

representatives and chiefs of middle-class statesmanship are more severely handled by Royalist, Imperialist, or revolutionary historians. Lamartine's unseasonable apotheosis of them, certainly the chief cause of the revolution of 1848, no doubt awoke most natural animadversions in the lovers of monarchy. But why M. Louis Blanc and M. Granier de Cassagnac, each of whose parties profited by that anomalous event, should unite in devoting the Girondists to the infernal gods, does appear difficult to comprehend. M. Sybel is severe upon the Gironde, refuses altogether to worship them with Lamartine, and seems unfascinated by either the character or beauty of Madame Roland. He says, justly enough, of the Gironde, that it was not so much a party as a collection of eminent individualities, each of which followed different views, no one spirit amongst them being able to dominate or lead the rest. But where M. Sybel is unjust is when he depicts the Girondists as wild revolutionists and anti-monarchical until the day when they felt themselves in peril,—reactionist and conservative afterwards. This is not a fair representation of men who, however much they erred, always showed the disinterestedness of genius, as well as its eloquence. When they first appeared as legislators, the Crown was conspiring against the Revolution, and they thundered against it. But subsequently, seeing the projects of the anarchists, who menaced not only them, but the State, they gave their advice and aid, and later a ministry, to the king, not from the miserable love of office that M. Louis Blanc attributes to them, nor for the love of life by which alone M. Sybel would have us believe that they were actuated, but from an honest conviction as well as liberal desire to preserve the cause of order and liberty united. M. de Cassagnac vainly seeks to implicate the Girondists in the massacres of September. As vainly would M. Louis Blanc exculpate Robespierre at their expense. Their principles, conduct, and fate cannot be more truly or more fairly described than in the lines of one of the most eminent of the party, Condorcet;—

"On me laissait le choix d'être bourreau ou victime,  
Je choisis le malheur et leur laissai le crime."

The great difference of opinion entertained with regard to the Girondists could scarcely exist with regard to Danton. And still he has many apologists. A recent biography,\* indeed, disproves in a great degree the account, so generally accredited, of his dissolute and spendthrift life. Lafayette himself tells us of his receiving fifty thousand crowns from the king a very little time before he looked on, if he did not contribute to, the monarch's downfall; but more than doubt is thrown upon this assertion. Then, although he consented to the fall of the Girondists, he objected to their execution. That towards the end of his career he was disgusted with Robespierre's

\* "Mémoires sur la Vie Privée de Danton," par le Dr. Robinet.

blood-thirstiness, there can be no question ; but, unfortunately, there is as little doubt that he connived at the massacres of September, and at that of the prisoners of Orleans at Versailles. He afterwards made efforts to save the life of the queen, empowering the French envoys to Constantinople, as they passed through Italy, to make overtures on the subject to the Austrian authorities. They did so. And M. Louis Blanc accuses the court of Vienna of culpable neglect and hardness of heart in not replying to the offers, and thus endeavouring to save the life of the unfortunate princess. M. Sybel, however, shows that ere the court of Vienna could enter into any negotiations on the subject Danton had fallen from power ; whilst Robespierre, who succeeded him, was completely adverse to any negotiations either for peace or for saving royal victims. The generous desire of Danton failed in consequence. His great crime with Robespierre was not so much the alleged one of his being an indulgent, who would put an end to the Reign of Terror, as that he was a statesman with a knowledge of foreign policy, and a conviction of the necessity of treating with Europe, instead of continuing to run a muck against it. As the anarchists lived on the panic occasioned by the foreign enemy, and as Danton wanted to put an end to both, Robespierre soon compelled him to quit the ministry as well as the Committee of Public Safety. Danton readily resigned both in disgust, being willing enough to throw off responsibility, and with it power. But his resignation was fatal to him,—his enemies being content with nothing less than his blood.

If the tendency of political opinion some years back was to deify the Girondists, of late there have been undisguised attempts to rehabilitate Robespierre. Some have not shrunk from attributing his crimes to necessity, and suppose him to have been endowed not only with most occult motives, but with glorious and statesmanlike views. In a recent drama, "*Le Lion Amoureux*," which obtained the greatest popularity at the Théâtre Français, Ponsard has chosen a terrorist for his hero, at which the parterre, far from showing disgust, indulged in the most rapturous applause. Their admiration was not inspired by the activity which the Terrorists gave to the guillotine, but by the successful energy with which they repelled, or made their armies repel, the enemy. The terror, however, threw as many facilities in the way of foreign invasion as it raised obstacles. It disorganised even more than it organised ; created enthusiasts, no doubt, but made many malcontents ; and had the foreign enemies of France cordially co-operated together, and displayed even a moderate degree of military talent, they might on several occasions have advanced upon Paris.

For our part, we cannot conceive a more dangerous principle to be trusted than that it is allowable to have recourse to terror as a means of government, or even of national defence. Despotism, in fact, has been able to find no other excuse than this,—that the people



being brutal and barbarous, they can understand no other law, and obey no other authority than that of the whip or the knife. That a cultivated people should be proud of being thus governed, and so reduced to the lowest grade of civilisation, is not only preposterous, but dangerous. There may be something noble in the captain of the ship who compels, by the terror of his command, the very cowards amongst his crew to fight with desperation. But he does not sacrifice women and children, the infirm, the aged, and the innocent, as did the Committee of Public Safety and the Revolutionary Tribunal.

One circumstance, however, which has told in favour of the Terrorists is the imbecility and weakness, as well as corruption, of the Thermidorians which succeeded them, and of the Directory which formed the executive.

"The moderate government of France," writes Fox in July, 1795, "is very inferior in point of ability and energy to the tyrannical one; and I am grieved that it is so, for I know the inference which the admirers of tyranny and violence will draw from the comparison. In our own history the example in favour of tyranny is so strong that it frightens me. Whilst Cromwell's tyranny lasted, the royal cause seemed desperate. England was great abroad; splendid at home. Waller and Dryden sang his triumphs. When he was gone, and his son deposed, and the Rump Parliament took the government, amongst whom were many considerable men,—you know the consequence."

Cromwell, however, erected no guillotine on which to sacrifice whole classes of his supposed enemies. Tyranny and terror are not synonymous, and however much both are to be abhorred, it need not be in the same proportions. And as to the government of the Thermidorians being more incapable than that of the Committee of Public Safety, it must be recollected that the latter cut off the head of every man who was at once talented and moderated. Generals and civilians were alike immolated. Almost all of what might be called the capacities of the generation were sent to the scaffold. There were none to undertake the government but second-rate men, with third-rate reputations. Notwithstanding all this, it was the Thermidorians and the Directory who gave Bonaparte the command in Italy, and concluded the peace of Campo Formio. If he deserted them and Europe afterwards, and brought the veterans of the French Republic to vain combats on the sands of Africa, the consequence of such impolicy cannot be charged upon the Directory.

Instead of accusing Barras and his colleagues for not having organised an efficient government, those who preceded them should be accused of rendering all government impossible. In fact, the great share of blame must be laid upon those men and that assembly which it is the fashion, amongst the French especially, to laud and im-

mortalise. According to some opinions in France, the Constituent Assembly was the accumulation of wisdom and of greatness. Yet it surely deserves small merit for having overthrown the ancient régime, which crumbled of itself. The Constituent Assembly disorganised everything,—the army, the finances, the administration, the judicature,—and organised nothing; and when it was necessary to put them together again, violence and terror were almost indispensable. The people would obey no other forces.

No doubt it was right to decentralise, and allow local and municipal authorities to emanate in some degree from the people. And no doubt, also, it was the intention of the Constituent Assembly to temper and control extreme decentralisation by royal jurisdiction. But monarch and monarchy were not allowed the means of existence. And not only ordinary powers, but extraordinary facilities for despoiling the old possessors of the land, fell into the hands of the poor and reckless classes. The rabid revolutionists soon gained the ascendant in every commune, and they found themselves masters of the persons and property of the class above them. The Constituent Assembly abolished indirect taxes. There remained but direct taxes on the land and on houses. As the commune levied and distributed the contributions, the system was naked spoliation of the rich by the poor. Some writers deny that Robespierre even passed or meditated an agrarian law. But in truth no agrarian law was wanting;—the lands and persons of the propertied class were at the mercy of the non-propertied, without any theory or any law. In stating that the persons of the rich were at the mercy of the poor, it is not meant merely that the latter invariably sent the former to the guillotine, though this was largely practised; but there came the levies of men for the army, as well as of money for the treasury, and these were under the management of the commune. The way they made use of this power was to draft off at once all the youth of the upper classes to the army by virtue of the conscription, and encourage the vagabonds to stay at home in bands to dominate and terrorise what remained of the population. Such was especially the case in great cities. This evil we describe was not confined to the actual state of proscription and horror, for thereby the very principle of local freedom was discredited, and decentralisation made to be synonymous with social anarchy. And thus the several tyrannies which succeeded each other,—that of the Jacobins first and of Napoleon afterwards,—which came to centralise all authority in their own hands, were sanctioned and lauded as restorers of order, and wielders of administrative energy.

There is this, however, to be said for the Constituent Assembly. It set about a work of peace, and hoped that if not completing the task itself, its successors would bring to it similar views. All such hopes were destroyed by the war and the war spirit which came to prevail, and which was forced upon France. There is nothing more remark-

able in the Revolution than the vehemence with which Robespierre scouted and denounced the war policy when it was first started and preached by Brissot. He said, truly enough, that it would divert the nation from completing its revolutionary liberties, and would end by making military ideas and men prevail over the philosopher and the legislator. War and the punishment of death were the two atrocities which Robespierre sought to put down. A disciple of Rousseau, he dreamed of a state of political existence in which neither should be needed. Never indeed was public man ushered into a world more unlike that which he contemplated and dreamed of than Robespierre. If his admirers pleaded this excuse for him that the part which he played of the terrorist and the executioner was forced upon him by circumstances, and was the direct contrary of the views which he entertained and the future which he contemplated, they could not be gainsayed. But at the same time his own character aided this as well as circumstances. His jealousy not only of superiors, but of equals, and the real misanthropy which he covered by affected philosophy, soon rendered him, despite his theory, the foe and the immolator of his friends and contemporaries. He was no doubt driven with the Jacobins into war. But that, once commenced, so completely suited him, that he and his party would never consent even to a cessation of it; and so it lasted till the military spirit and element devoured the democratic.

We have said enough in exposition and modification of M. von Sybel's view of the French Revolution,—just enough to show that however demurring to some of his judgments, we estimate highly his fairness and correctness as an historian. One history or one view of that great event will in our day not satisfy the laziest reader. He must contemplate it from many sides, and none can better aid him to do so than the German historian whose work in an English dress we see published by Mr. Murray. The most valuable portion of the book is, however, its revelation of the doings and motives of the German courts and ministers, during the period which he embraces. In this, meanwhile, M. Sybel promises, or at least gives hopes of, more than he has yet put forth. The most important efforts and negotiations of the German princes are but given to the close of the Convention, with which epoch M. von Sybel concludes. Of German politics in the subsequent period we know little except from the compilers of "*Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat*" and the "*Life of Stein*," writers who have drawn their facts from Prussian records, and who have written to support Prussian interests. It is now incumbent on Austria to open more liberally her archives.

## ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

---

THIS paper should, perhaps, be prefaced by the confession,—if confession it must be called,—that its author is an anonymous journalist. He ventures, however, to claim the possession of a conscience; or, if that claim be considered too presumptuous, of a certain sensibility to the blame of his fellow-creatures which supplies the place of a conscience indifferently well. Whether conscience or not, it causes him, in spite of his professional cloak of darkness, to object to the title of hired assassin. Yet that is only one of the names which has been bestowed upon him and his class by gentlemen for whom, on many grounds, he has a sincere respect. A person who fancies himself,—it may be presumptuously,—to be an average specimen of the English gentleman, looks into the mirror held up by his accusers, and, to his horror, sees reflected in it the image of an Italian bravo, to which his fancy may possibly add some indications of a cloven foot and horns. It may be said that one who decides to conceal his features beneath a veil must not complain if his enemies provide him with a fancy portrait. Some allowance, too, must be made for their excited feelings. They have been in contest with a vague editorial “we,” and feel a longing to aim their weapons at a flesh-and-blood opponent. Their adversary remains safely ensconced in an impenetrable shelter, and they try to expel him from his stronghold by bombarding him with stinging taunts. If he remains insensible to other insults, they dress up a hideous effigy, and belabour it in his sight to their hearts’ content. Their language, consequently, sounds rather overstrained to one who is unconscious of being an assassin, or, indeed, of acting in any way a disreputable part. And yet the mere fact that so much irritation exists tells, to some degree, against the system assailed, though we decline to take too literally the language in which the irritation finds a vent. Whilst we utterly refuse to believe ourselves assassins, the fact that honest and able men call us assassins demands some explanation. A certain *a priori* case is established for further inquiry.

Let us endeavour, in the first place, to state the accusation fairly. The objection to anonymous writing resembles the objection to secret voting. The opponents and the advocates of the ballot carry on the argument by stating the same fact in enlogistic or dyslogistic language. The ballot,—say its assailants,—implies that the voters are freed from proper responsibility. The ballot,—reply its supporters,—insures that the voters shall enjoy a proper independence.

Stripping the bare statement of fact from the language which insinuates a gloss upon it, we may say that the voter protected by ballot is comparatively free from external pressure. Whether it is a good thing or not that he should be so freed must be decided by the further inquiry as to whether there is more chance of corrupt influence or of a healthy responsibility to public opinion becoming predominant. The question as to the merits of anonymous writing runs in parallel grooves. We have to inquire as to the morality of a system which frees the great majority of writers in the public press from a large share of responsibility, transferring it from individuals to the impalpable body called the Times, or the News, or the Telegraph; and the argument of those who condemn it may, perhaps, be put somewhat as follows;—

An English newspaper after the present fashion is a mysterious entity of vague but imposing attributes. By those who are not behind the scenes, it is endowed with a personality of more dignified nature than that belonging to individual human beings. It has not, indeed, fortunately for itself, a soul; but it has opinions, friendships and hatreds, passions and interests, such as generally belong to reasonable creatures. It has something approaching to omniscience,—eyes in every quarter of the globe, and ears open to the smallest gossip that is whispered on the earth. It is infallible; for at least no newspaper has ever yet ventured to confess itself in the wrong. It has the gift of prophecy; for nothing ever comes to pass of which it does not say, "We told you so." It is invariably consistent; for if, to a superficial observer, it sometimes appears to contradict itself, it explains that circumstances have changed, and not its opinions. It claims a right to speak in the name of that strange abstraction, public opinion, of which it is, indeed, the concrete embodiment; and foreigners assume, whatever Englishmen may hold, that the claim is substantially true. English opinion is that which is stated in two or three leading newspapers, and it is vain to deny that they are our authorised organs. The power of these mysterious beings is as great as their wisdom and knowledge. Parliament we know,—for they tell us so,—is principally occupied in putting their commands in execution. They really prescribe the issue of commissions of inquiry; they dictate the form which legislation is to take, and point out the grievances which are to be redressed. And if in this rough sketch any excellence of the press has been inadvertently admitted, our readers need not look through many leading articles to supply the omission.

Now, when we proceed to contrast the reality with the imaginary being, the cost at which these pretensions must be supported becomes obvious. The newspaper, in fact, so far as we are concerned, consists of an editor and a small staff of writers, all of them fallible human beings,—men, indeed, who must be possessed of a certain kind of ability and information, but not necessarily of very special attainments. Let

us consider one or two of the obvious consequences which arise when a body of this kind forms itself into a mysterious unit, and lays down the law for the public. In the first place, take the case of quarrels with individuals. No wise man ever gets willingly into a controversy with a newspaper, because a newspaper is never in the wrong. As "*The Guard*" never surrenders, the newspaper never apologises. It is only fit to say that most newspapers so far obey the laws of fair play that they open their columns to the person assailed. But, in such a contest, a single combatant has manifold disadvantages. He cannot have the last word unless his adversary chooses; and, to superficial readers, that last word generally means the victory. In most cases his letters will pass unread, and the spectators will take the account of the battle from the leading article,—that is, from one of the parties concerned. The newspaper will always assume, if it chooses to recur to the conflict, that it has been victorious, and most people will be content to accept its own version of the story after the affair is over. Now it is urged that, if the writers on both sides gave their names, the fight would be on more equal terms. The journalist would not enjoy the vague prestige of the plural "*we*," but be restricted to his own individual reputation. He would feel his personal honour engaged, and would be more amenable to the laws of literary tourneys. He would, moreover, be less likely to use that vigorous language in speaking of personal opponents in which our newspapers occasionally indulge. Mr. Matthew Arnold has put it down as one of the characteristics of the brutal English race, that we are apt to use such coarse terms as "*fool*" in undue profusion, and supports his case by quotations from one of our most polished journals. If this be really a characteristic of British newspapers, it may be due as much to the practice of anonymous writing as to that vague and unsatisfactory cause, a national propensity.\*

Passing to subjects of more real importance, we must own it to be undeniable that English opinion upon foreign politics has lately had a bad name. Amongst other causes must be reckoned the recent attitude of English journalism. In the latest case,—that of the great German war,—we began by pooh-poohing the combatants on both sides; one was a robber, and the other a thief; they were fighting for nothing, or, perhaps, squabbling over plunder. We rated them soundly for fighting at all, and recommended them to lay down their arms, listen to the great gospel of free trade, and confess that war was an anachronism. The eleven-days' campaign effected our conversion. We suddenly discovered that great principles were at stake; that the victory of Prussia meant that the most important change of modern days had been effected in the civilised world; and that, in short, our

\* Authors in France, says Pope, seldom speak ill of each other but when they have a personal pique; authors in England seldom speak well of each other but when they have a personal friendship.

sneers had merely been a proof of our ignorance. Only, it must be added, we kept this last clause to ourselves, and chanted hymns to the conqueror as complacently as if we had all along been zealous advocates of his claims. Now, it would be obviously unfair to lay upon English newspapers the sole burden of a folly,—if it was a folly,—in which the entire English nation participated. But it is urged that the practice of anonymous writing had a direct influence in exaggerating the evil complained of. In the first place, it enabled men without any qualifications to lay down the law as positively as if they had been the embodied wisdom of the country. Men who did not know that Prussia was in the Zollverein dogmatised about the affairs of Germany as confidently as the Pope might discourse of theology, or Dr. Cumming lay down the date of the battle of Armageddon. In the next place, the newspapers could turn their backs upon themselves with a facility seldom attainable in that delicate evolution. If Mr. John Smith says to-day that Count Bismark is a humbug and a braggart, and this day week declares that Count Bismark is a statesman and a hero, Mr. John Smith is apt to feel rather foolish. Some memory of his former utterances clings to him, and he at least endeavours to tone down his conflicting oracles into some semblance of harmony. If “we” deliver the same sentiments, we do it without a blush and without a fear that any one will turn over our files to discover the discrepancy. By what machinery this is accomplished remains a mystery to the outer world. Whether John Smith personally goes through the process of conversion behind the scenes without losing his complacent self-possession, or whether an able editor discovers that John Smith is an impostor, and, so to speak, turns on the new tap of Tom Brown, is unknown to those outside the sacred circle. But the result remains the same.

This suggests one more illustration from domestic politics. We have wondered lately at the amazing facility of conversion of public men. To the vulgar apprehension it seems that Mr. Disraeli is now boasting of the very same legislation which a year ago he would have condemned as subversive of our constitution. The appearance may be really illusory, and resulting from an imperfect appreciation of the process of political education. But at any rate we have the comfort, such as it is, that Mr. Disraeli must perform his gyrations in public, and be subjected to the interrogation of his political opponents. Now it is impossible to put newspapers to the question. They may suit their political cookery to the variations of public taste from day to day; they may be in favour of ten-pound suffrage one month, of household suffrage the next, and of universal suffrage the month after that, and no one can watch the process by which their minds are gradually illuminated. Only one thing is certain, that they will claim infallibility at every stage of the transformation, and that they will assume, without attempting to prove, that they have displayed perfect



consistency throughout. That the public mind should now-a-days change rapidly is inevitable ; but that some regard should be paid to principle and political honour during the change is, to say the least, desirable. And, it is asked, can anything be more destructive of morality than a system which allows the self-styled teachers of public opinion to turn in succession to every point of the compass, whilst loudly declaring that they are the one guide by which we may infallibly steer our course ? It is, perhaps, more necessary now than in any period of our history that some one should hold to distinct and unalterable principles amidst the anarchical whirl of conflicting opinions. Those who speak with authority are few, and not too popular ; it would be well if their voice were not drowned by the blustering comments of anonymous infallibilities. Mr. Mill maintains certain theories ; Mr. Carlyle maintains certain very different theories ; a man may follow either teacher with at least the confidence that he will follow a straightforward path. But the mass who take newspapers at their own valuation see these and other eminent thinkers daily ridiculed or patronised by anonymous critics with an air of superior wisdom. Is it strange that our politics should be anarchical when the genuine thinkers of the day are jostled and put out of countenance by crowds of noisy and irresponsible teachers ?

These and similar accusations have been put forward with more vigour of language than we can command. Their sum is, that English newspapers are at once arrogant and vacillating ; that they are flippant instead of forcible ; that, with a lofty affectation of high principle, they merely seek to reflect the prejudices of their readers ; and that, with an elaborate parade of fair play, they take advantage of their anonymous mask to misrepresent and vilify their opponents. So ugly a picture is not drawn without some cause, even though we pronounce it to be a caricature ; neither can we make a fair answer without admitting such truth as may be contained in the accusation, and accounting for the exaggerations by which it is overlaid. After accomplishing this task, another difficulty would lie before us,—that of determining what share of the alleged atrocities might be fairly laid to the account of the anonymous system. Now, the first approach to a measure of the iniquities of journalists is suggested by the illustrations we have used. In politics, both at home and abroad, public opinion,—as represented by journalists,—has, it must be admitted, shown a singular mixture of vacillation and arrogance ; but then it is also true that the journalists have in that given a very accurate representation of public opinion. The ordinary English view of foreign affairs has been marked by the exact qualities described. We had a short time ago a profound conviction that we were in every respect ahead of the Continent, and we have been working up to the conviction that, in many respects, the Continent is greatly ahead of us. The sudden revulsion of feeling, resulting from the unexpected discovery

that we are not precisely entitled to look down upon all mankind, has extended far beyond newspapers. Journalists equally with their neighbours partook of the illusion; and they have equally with their neighbours felt the shock by which it has been dispelled. It is true that their conversion has been, in some cases, rather more grotesque than that of other persons, because they have been obliged to put on the air of profound political philosophers at the very time that they were executing a singularly unphilosophical manœuvre. It is very hard to be compelled to look grave and wise when you are revolving rapidly on your own axis. If we make a transition to domestic politics the same truth is equally obvious. The party organs certainly did not lead, but follow, the strange evolutions of public men. They were written for the ordinary masses who understood Conservatism to mean standing still. The journals showed the extraordinary power of discipline by forming line with singular rapidity in a new position. In doing so they may have laid themselves open to various taunts for their extreme docility, but they may at worst plead the example of the acknowledged leaders of the country; and both conversions were probably due far more to a gradual change in the set of political currents than to any statesmanlike foresight on the part of leaders or followers. In short, without labouring to establish a very obvious conclusion, journalists speak the thoughts and show the weaknesses of the class for which they are written. If you want to know what one newspaper will say, ask the first hundred men who come out of a club in Pall Mall, and put the opinion of the majority into rather smarter language, deck it out with a few antitheses and illustrations, and provide it with a short irrelevant preface;—that will be the leading article for one newspaper. For another we must go a degree further down, and gather our samples in an omnibus; or drop yet another degree, and find out what people are saying at the bars of public-houses. But in any case a newspaper reflects primarily the sense of that particular stratum of society amongst which it is intended to circulate. When we condemn artists for the want of high aim apparent in their pictures, we ought equally to condemn the persons for whom they are painted; and we may be sure that, in the long run, the article supplied will correspond very nearly to the nature of the demand. To produce any considerable change we must introduce some remedy of sufficient power to affect the whole tone of the public mind. Let us endeavour to apply these obvious considerations a little more closely.

Journalism, then, is not the power which some of its injudicious admirers are apt to imagine. It is certainly not the voice of a body of independent philosophers, employed from sheer public spirit in educating the public mind. It is not the oracular preaching of a race of superior beings, defended by their anonymous veil from the pressure of public prejudice, and able to apply to the shifting

affairs of the day a criticism instinct with the lofty principles of eternal justice. The power exercised by the press finds no external fulcrum from which to move the earth. It is a machinery for methodising and rendering articulate the confused utterances of what is called public opinion; but it does not dictate them. Rather, it reminds us of a device which, in infinite variety of applications, is the foundation of the spirit-rapping art of these days, and of innumerable oracle-mongers of ancient and modern times. The trick consists in extracting from the questions addressed to you the necessary materials for the answer, and then giving it with all the air of independent wisdom. The suppliant at the shrine is so struck by a mysterious awe that he has seldom the coolness to discover that the prophet gives no real proof of extraneous knowledge, and the spirit-rapper does not observe that his own fingers have spelt out the answer to his inquiries. Just so the reverent "constant reader" is delighted by the confirmation afforded to his views by the journal in which he trusts. It never occurs to him that the prejudices of himself and the fifty thousand duplicates of himself who read the paper are the primary cause of the views which it adopts. In short, the public whisper confused guesses and opinions into a kind of ingenious acoustic machine, and mistake the echo which comes back for the utterance of independent wisdom.

Suppose, then, that we take a newspaper written for the intelligent classes, which reflects to a great extent the opinions of its constituency, and refrains from uttering what we may call unmarketable sentiments. The accusation against it seems to come to this. In the first place, it is so far bad as it is an impostor. If anybody believes that he is listening to an oracle of superhuman wisdom he is mistaken, and may be liable to sundry delusions. So far, again, as the writers in it speak against their conscience, they are, of course, guilty of a demoralising compliance. But it must be added that the writers need not necessarily be guilty of such compliances as can fairly be called criminal. If a man chooses on the whole to act with a party, he need not swallow every point in its platform. A member of Parliament may follow Mr. Gladstone without adopting all his opinions upon Church rates or University reform. A writer may contribute to a paper which he holds to have, on the whole, a healthy tendency, though he may disapprove of many of the views it advocates. The extent of the responsibility incurred by contributors is doubtless a delicate point for casuists; but a man must condemn himself to be an unpracticable member of society who refuses to co-operate with any body because some of its ends are distasteful to him. The puritans upon this question apparently hold that a writer is bound to avoid all responsibility by signing his own name to what he writes, and thereby distinctly limiting his approval to his own statements. Such a doctrine seems to be overstrained, as there is certainly in practice no such understanding. As a matter of fact, there is probably

no journal of note which does not employ many able contributors who differ from it widely on many important questions. To mention one simple illustration ;—every one who can read between the lines may see that many writers in some of our ablest papers hold opinions about religion of which the British public would not endure the open avowal. A man may have a tendency to extremely liberal opinions, the expression of which would render a journal hopelessly suspect with the steady-going purchasers of the journal, and be content perhaps with hinting them,—perhaps with avoiding those particular topics, and writing upon those political or social questions which he can touch without reserve. It is difficult to see in what way he is more guilty than a member of Parliament who votes with a party, although he is in advance of the mass of its supporters. The assertion that he is acting unfairly rests upon the assumption that he becomes identified in all respects with the anonymous entity of which he is a fractional part. But as the assumption does not in the least correspond with the facts, it seems unreasonable that it should be forced upon him. No one can hold it, except people who are ignorant of the whole working of the machinery. They may imagine a tacit contract which does not really exist, but it does not thereby become binding upon the supposed parties to it.

At any rate, it is a fact that there is a great deal of honest and vigorous writing in newspapers by anonymous writers who would entirely repudiate any sympathy with many of the opinions which those newspapers represent. We have been led hitherto, by the course of our argument, to dwell upon the inconsistencies and the empty brag apparent in some journalism. But it would be entirely unreasonable to admit that that is the main characteristic of the profession. On the contrary, we believe that from whatever point we regard the subject, there is abundant proof of honest and vigorous purpose. Journalists are so well qualified to blow their own trumpets that we need not insist at length upon their merits. We may say, however, that they do in fact discharge very fairly the function of which they are apt to boast ; that they denounce grievances, and secure a full discussion of every shade of political opinion. One of the most significant faults of our system is that the assault upon abuses is left so much to the hands of journalists. It seems to be the duty of ministers first to overlook grievances, then to deny their existence, then to declare that they had always known them, and would have remedied them sooner if it had not been for the interference of sensation writers. In most points of view this is highly unsatisfactory ; but it certainly implies that newspapers are a great and important agency at the present day. It is, perhaps, not much credit to them to discharge a duty which brings them immediate profit, but it can hardly be denied that they discharge it with great spirit. Again, they do secure the discussion of all new principles, not without much unfair

argument and more unfair ridicule, but still so as to be a most effectual agency for disseminating new ideas, even by means of opposition. And to take higher ground, we may say confidently that there is much anonymous writing in newspapers of really high purpose and genuine sincerity. We will not refer to particular cases, but we should have no hesitation in asserting that to look for an honest vindication of important truths we should turn to certain writers in the anonymous press much sooner than to speeches of politicians or sermons of bishops, or even to the great mass of non-anonymous literature. Nearly all the writers for whose honesty we have the highest respect have at least begun in this field. Some of them have shown signs of weakness when they first felt the temptations which came with a more public popularity. And, indeed, it must be admitted that many men speak more freely and forcibly when they have no chance of ingratiating themselves with a public which does not even know their names. It would be easy, though invidious, to refer to many men who seem to have been spoilt precisely by that influence which is supposed to impose upon them a healthy responsibility. The demagogue develops his worst qualities when he flatters the mob in his proper person, and receives in return a due tribute of compliment; and there are demagogues who address a mob of loftier claims, and with even greater powers of corruption than belong to the admirers of Mr. Beales. When it is asserted that journalists take advantage of the veil to express dishonest opinions, it should be added that they are comparatively free from one of the greatest incitements to dishonesty. They avoid the dangers which surround the popular preacher, whether in a pulpit or on the stump. It may be difficult to say whether the collective body called a newspaper flatters its constituents more or less grossly than the avowed demagogues of the upper or the lower classes. But it certainly gives room for much honest plain-speaking from men who have no desire to become idols or martyrs. And this is the obvious advantage of the system of anonymous writing. It opens on the easiest terms a tribune for a great mass of men who have really something to say, but who do not care, for various reasons, to enter a public arena with all the disagreeable concomitants inseparable from such notoriety.

Before endeavouring to sum up the result of the previous remarks, we must say a few words upon the nature of these reasons. Before we attempt to drag men out of their concealment, whom we have as yet seen no reason to brand as unmistakable assassins, it is at least civil to inquire their grounds for objecting to publicity. It seems indeed to be, at first sight, a puzzling phenomenon. There are many men of great literary ability employed upon different newspapers. Many of them must be conscious of talents which would suffice to bring them distinction in other fields of labour. If they signed their names to their articles, they would perhaps gain

recognition as amongst the leading minds of the party which they represent. Some of them do, in fact, yield to their ambition, come forward in front of the stage, and gain more or less of the popularity which is their due. Whether they are always improved by the change is, as we have said, another question. But a very numerous class are content to go on working in obscurity,—to do their work and take their pay without thought of any personal advantage beyond making a certain amount of money and a certain small reputation in a narrow circle. This may be partly owing to various causes which are beyond our consideration. For whatever reason, the public are accustomed to anonymous writing, and it would be a speculation of very doubtful success to start a newspaper on the opposite principle. It is therefore not open to every man's choice to do as he likes. If he writes regularly, most of his writing must be anonymous, or the chief markets will be closed to him. Still, it seems to be clear that the great body of writers are content, and indeed desirous, to remain anonymous. What is the reason which causes them to give up the chances of gaining a certain definite advantage? We must begin by repudiating decisively the "hired-assassin" theory. Men do not write anonymously because they wish to say things to which they dare not put their name. At least, such cases are so rare an exception that they may be put out of account. The strongest opponent of anonymous writing would admit that the cloak is not adopted from a conscious intention to stab in the dark. He would merely argue that the practice of wearing it is, in the long run, demoralising. What, then, is the really efficient motive? Put the question to one of the numerous company of barristers who write for the press, and he will tell you that it is fear of the solicitors. The meaning of the reply is obvious. A man who signed his name to his article would be ticketed as a journalist. He would have declared in substance that journalism was the path in life which he had selected for himself. Now, it is notoriously difficult to walk in two paths at once. The law, like other professions, is jealous of its worshippers. No man can serve two masters; or, if he does, he must serve one in secret, without allowing the other to suspect him of divided allegiance. Add to this, what requires no proof, that law offers infinitely higher prizes than journalism. Although newspapers have come to be an acknowledged power in the State, the individual writers are sensible of a certain shade of disapproval which still attaches to their profession. Men of the highest character are well known to be regular contributors to the journals, and are not ashamed of acknowledging it; yet they have a certain indefinable reluctance to put it forward as a man would avow his membership of one of the recognised professions. We do not ask whether this feeling is reasonable or otherwise. The fact that it exists is quite sufficient; and it follows that a large number of our ablest writers would feel that they were distinctly

injuring their prospects in life if they systematically signed their articles. Hence it is obvious that if it were possible to enforce the publicity of the writer's name, we should, under present circumstances, produce one of two results. Assuming that the regulation could not be evaded,—though it is hard to see how evasion could be rendered impossible,—the present writers would either retire to some extent from the profession, to be replaced by a lower class, or they would be subject to a certain indefinite injury in their other professional prospects. Probably the result would be something between the two. Some men would rather cease writing than adopt writing as their sole occupation; others would become entirely journalists, being unable to regard journalism any longer as “a staff rather than a crutch,”—an occasional employment, rather than the serious work of their lives. We may admit that the existing state of things is anomalous, and is the result of the many causes which keep the reputation of individual writers below the standard which the respect entertained for the product of their collective industry would seem to justify. But whilst the anomaly remains, its effect must be in the direction indicated.

We may now arrive at something like a summary view of the subject. The proposal to abolish anonymous writing,—assuming, for the sake of argument, that such a proposal could be carried out,—is, in fact, a proposal to substitute for newspapers the body of individual contributors. We should get rid of so much of the arrogant flippancy of journalism as is due to the mystery in which the newspaper is shrouded. The “we” would disappear, and the “I” would scarcely pronounce with such an air of off-hand omniscience upon all topics that came within his notice. We should have advisers capable of blushing. Instead of half-a-dozen papers, we should have ten times as many popular preachers. But we must not exaggerate the advantages of such a change. We can see no reason to doubt that substantially the same opinions would be expressed, although perhaps with more modesty. Newspapers would still have precisely the same motives for reflecting popular sentiment. Their proprietors would have no difficulty in finding people qualified to write ably, and perfectly ready to translate popular prejudice into the language of leading articles. We might take any of the cases in which the tergiversations of newspapers have been most conspicuous. In the American war, for example, there would have been no difficulty in securing a plentiful supply of invective on either side. The anonymous writers during the conflict did not exceed many public speakers in the freedom with which they used vituperation of the most vigorous kind. Mr. Spence on one side, and Mr. F. W. Newman on the other, were as energetic in their abuse as the ablest writer of leading articles. Nor, when the tide turned, would there have been any difficulty in turning on the other tap,—or, indeed, in occasionally inducing the same persons to turn on the other tap. Our statesmen have lately



shown examples of the art of eating their own words with spirit, which no anonymous writer could hope to surpass. But we must admit that,—even if every one had used the same language,—it would have come with different force. The Americans would have said Mr. A. or Mr. B. has been abusing us, and afterwards treating us to fulsome flattery. They would not have held the English nation guilty, except so far as Mr. A. or Mr. B. were notoriously employed, because Mr. A. or Mr. B. had fallen in with the prevalent public opinion. This, indeed, is a large exception; for, after all, the line taken by a newspaper would in any case be a good indication of the opinions popular with its party, or with the great mass lying outside of party limits. Whether it buys expressions of opinion with or without the names of the authors, it would buy those which suited its market for the time. And, we must add in fairness, the great changes of opinion of which we have spoken are frequently sincere in the individual as well as in the masses. Many intelligent people were really converted by Sadowa and by the capture of Richmond, and would have written with equal sincerity on both sides at very short intervals of time; though, if they had written in public, they would have made some kind of apology.

Hence the one advantage to be clearly anticipated seems to us to be the gain of a little more modesty and more respect for apparent consistency in the expression of opinion; at any rate, the writers who failed to exhibit those qualities would lose more in reputation than the present mysterious entities which seem to claim the rights of personality when they utter their oracles, and to cast off its responsibilities when they are taunted with inconsistency. We should hardly expect that in the beginning the substance of newspaper writing would be materially altered; but their prestige might be lessened and their modesty increased; and by degrees the tone of the writers might be improved in the more bracing atmosphere of publicity.

Against this we must set a plain disadvantage. We should throw a considerable obstacle in the way of the best class of contributors. If we look at a newspaper as sensible people look at it, not as the expression of sublime wisdom, but as affording room for the fullest and freest possible discussion of every side of every question, any obstacle to frank expression of opinion is so far an evil. We have already said that anonymous writing is not, as a fact, adopted for base purposes, but from motives which are innocent, if not laudable. A rising young barrister, we will suppose, has some views about politics, for which he will be glad to obtain a hearing, and by the expression of which, we may also admit, he will be glad to earn a little money. He does not wish to put himself forward as a political teacher, or to advertise his name as a partisan of any particular set of opinions. Why should we not hear what he has got to say, and take it for what it is worth, without insisting upon knowing who is the

author of his, probably, very common-place remarks? He is not a Solon or a De Tocqueville; but he may have something to say which is worth a glance, and may even strike an effective blow or two in the everlasting battle of opinion. Or, perhaps, he has a grievance to denounce, a desire to prove that Government officials are not always infallible, nor Government departments models of organisation. He does not ask us to believe these startling propositions on his own authority, or we might fairly insist upon his name; he simply alleges palpable facts, and puts the demand for explanation in the best terms he can manage. To say that he shall not speak unless he will pledge his reputation is irrelevant; for it is not his veracity which is in question, but the force of his arguments. If his statements are inaccurate, they are easily refuted, and his want of logic will probably expose itself. To forbid him to write unless he gives his name would be perfectly intelligible under an absolute government; but it is a solecism under one which notoriously depends for its soundness upon the constant action of public opinion. Any obstacle in the way of free discussion is a hindrance to reform. In fact, it is almost a necessary corollary from the excellent theory that every part of an institution should be fully discussed, that we should invite every form of discussion. The public must of course learn, if they have not learnt already, that anonymous writers are not infallible; and further, that obvious deductions require to be made from their evidence as to facts of which they profess to be independent witnesses. But there is a sufficient security for our not forgetting the first fact in the variety of papers which compete for our favour. A blind believer in the *Star* should occasionally consult the *Standard*, and vice versa; but the controversies, in which those papers speak their minds so very frankly of each other, generally keep the truth pretty well before our attention.

If we attempt to balance these rival arguments, we should be inclined to arrive at some such conclusion as the following. If it were possible at the present moment to forbid anonymous writing,—an hypothesis which is quite imaginary,—the resulting evils would probably be much greater than the advantages. The greatest and most desirable thing for the good of the press is to retain the greatest number of independent and vigorous writers. Now, owing to various causes it would certainly be a great obstacle in the way of many such men if they were not allowed to write anonymously. They would rather give up contributing than acknowledge their contributions. The press would be to some extent thrown into the hands of a comparatively inferior class of writers, and discussion would be narrowed and rendered less independent. It therefore seems highly probable that the tone of journalism would not be improved, and that we should no longer have the same security for a full representation of every shade of opinion. It is, however, quite consistent with this opinion to believe that an improved tone of journalism would

probably be a cause, though not an effect, of a comparative rarity of anonymous writing. In the first place, if journalism continues to progress in influence and dignity as it has done for the last few generations, it will shake off the traditionary stigma which clings to it. If it should rise in public estimation, there would no longer be the same innocent excuse for anonymous writing. The amateur might still wish to take an unacknowledged part in the game; but the genuinely professional performers would form a larger body, and would naturally be more desirous to claim some of the reward which comes in the shape of public respect. And, secondly, we believe that in such a case the practice of signing the writer's name would act as a healthy tonic. Some of the offensive flippancy, whose existence is undeniable, would disappear; and we should see less of that shameless tergiversation which has sometimes discredited English journalism. Newspapers, in short, would in that case approach rather nearer to the higher type of which we have spoken. They would not, indeed, be inspired teachers,—for that is a class which is not largely represented upon the earth at the present day,—but they would be written by men who had definite opinions by which they were prepared to stand, and to take the consequences upon their reputation. It is a more difficult question whether any of us will live to see any sensible approach to such an Utopia. Meanwhile, whilst we should disagree with those who denounce anonymous writing if they either mean to impute bad motives, or to assert that the practice has purely bad results under present circumstances, we should agree with them in wishing to see a greater tendency to the opposite system; because we believe that the extent to which it is introduced would be in some sense an indication of an improved position in a very important part of our modern social system.

---

## PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

---

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### PHINEAS DISCUSSED.

LADY LAURA KENNEDY heard two accounts of her friend's speech,—and both from men who had been present. Her husband was in his place, in accordance with his constant practice, and Lord Brentford had been seated, perhaps unfortunately, in the peers' gallery.

"And you think it was a failure?" Lady Laura said to her husband.

"It certainly was not a success. There was nothing particular about it. There was a good deal of it you could hardly hear."

After that she got the morning newspapers, and turned with great interest to the report. Phineas Finn had been, as it were, adopted by her as her own political offspring,—or at any rate as her political godchild. She had made promises on his behalf to various personages of high political standing,—to her father, to Mr. Monk, to the Duke of St. Bungay, and even to Mr. Mildmay himself. She had thoroughly intended that Phineas Finn should be a political success from the first; and, since her marriage, she had, I think, been more intent upon it than before. Perhaps there was a feeling on her part that having wronged him in one way, she would repay him in another. She had become so eager for his success,—for a while scorning to conceal her feeling,—that her husband had unconsciously begun to entertain a dislike to her eagerness. We know how quickly women arrive at an understanding of the feelings of those with whom they live; and now, on that very occasion, Lady Laura perceived that her husband did not take in good part her anxiety on behalf of her friend. She saw that it was so as she turned over the newspaper looking for the report of the speech. It was given in six lines, and at the end of it there was an intimation,—expressed in the shape of advice,—that the young orator had better speak more slowly if he wished to be efficacious either with the House or with the country.

"He seems to have been cheered a good deal," said Lady Laura.

"All members are cheered at their first speech," said Mr. Kennedy.

"I've no doubt he'll do well yet," said Lady Laura.

"Very likely," said Mr. Kennedy. Then he turned to his newspaper, and did not take his eyes off it as long as his wife remained with him.

Later in the day Lady Laura saw her father, and Miss Effingham was with her at the time. Lord Brentford said something which

indicated that he had heard the debate on the previous evening, and Lady Laura instantly began to ask him about Phineas.

"The less said the better," was the Earl's reply.

"Do you mean that it was so bad as that?" asked Lady Laura.

"It was not very bad at first;—though indeed nobody could say it was very good. But he got himself into a mess about the police and the magistrates before he had done, and nothing but the kindly feeling always shown to a first effort saved him from being coughed down." Lady Laura had not a word more to say about Phineas to her father; but, womanlike, she resolved that she would not abandon him. How many first failures in the world have been the precursors of ultimate success? "Mildmay will lose his bill," said the Earl, sorrowfully. "There does not seem to be a doubt about that."

"And what will you all do?" asked Lady Laura.

"We must go to the country, I suppose," said the Earl.

"What's the use? You can't have a more liberal House than you have now," said Lady Laura.

"We may have one less liberal,—or rather less radical,—with fewer men to support Mr. Turnbull. I do not see what else we can do. They say that there are no less than twenty-seven men on our side of the House who will either vote with Turnbull against us, or will decline to vote at all."

"Every one of them ought to lose his seat," said Lady Laura.

"But what can we do? How is the Queen's Government to be carried on?" We all know the sad earnestness which impressed itself on the Earl's brow as he asked these momentous questions. "I don't suppose that Mr. Turnbull can form a Ministry."

"With Mr. Daubeney as whipper-in, perhaps he might," said Lady Laura.

"And will Mr. Finn lose his seat?" asked Violet Effingham.

"Most probably," said the Earl. "He only got it by an accident."

"You must find him a seat somewhere in England," said Violet.

"That might be difficult," said the Earl, who then left the room.

The two women remained together for some quarter of an hour before they spoke again. Then Lady Laura said something about her brother. "If there be a dissolution, I hope Oswald will stand for Loughton." Loughton was a borough close to Saulsby, in which, as regarded its political interests, Lord Brentford was supposed to have considerable influence. To this Violet said nothing. "It is quite time," continued Lady Laura, "that old Mr. Standish should give way. He has had the seat for twenty-five years, and has never done anything, and he seldom goes to the House now."

"He is not your uncle, is he?"

"No; he is papa's cousin; but he is ever so much older than papa;—nearly eighty, I believe."

"Would not that be just the place for Mr. Finn?" said Violet.

Then Lady Laura became very serious. "Oswald would of course have a better right to it than anybody else."

"But would Lord Chiltern go into Parliament? I have heard him declare that he would not."

"If we could get papa to ask him, I think he would change his mind," said Lady Laura.

There was again silence for a few moments, after which Violet returned to the original subject of their conversation. "It would be a thousand pities that Mr. Finn should be turned out into the cold. Don't you think so?"

"I, for one, should be very sorry."

"So should I,—and the more so from what Lord Brentford says about his not speaking well last night. I don't think that it is very much of an accomplishment for a gentleman to speak well. Mr. Turnbull, I suppose, speaks well; and they say that that horrid man, Mr. Bonteen, can talk by the hour together. I don't think that it shows a man to be clever at all. But I believe Mr. Finn would do it, if he set his mind to it, and I shall think it a great shame if they turn him out."

"It would depend very much, I suppose, on Lord Tulla."

"I don't know anything about Lord Tulla," said Violet; "but I'm quite sure that he might have Loughton, if we manage it properly. Of course Lord Chiltern should have it if he wants it, but I don't think he will stand in Mr. Finn's way."

"I'm afraid it's out of the question," said Lady Laura, gravely. "Papa thinks so much about the borough." The reader will remember that both Lord Brentford and his daughter were thorough reformers! The use of a little borough of his own, however, is a convenience to a great peer.

"Those difficult things have always to be talked of for a long while, and then they become easy," said Violet. "I believe if you were to propose to Mr. Kennedy to give all his property to the Church Missionaries and emigrate to New Zealand, he'd begin to consider it seriously after a time."

"I shall not try, at any rate."

"Because you don't want to go to New Zealand;—but you might try about Loughton for poor Mr. Finn."

"Violet," said Lady Laura, after a moment's pause;—and she spoke sharply; "Violet, I believe you are in love with Mr. Finn."

"That's just like you, Laura."

"I never made such an accusation against you before, or against anybody else that I can remember. But I do begin to believe that you are in love with Mr. Finn."

"Why shouldn't I be in love with him, if I like?"

"I say nothing about that;—only he has not got a penny."

"But I have, my dear."

"And I doubt whether you have any reason for supposing that he is in love with you."

"That would be my affair, my dear."

"Then you are in love with him?"

"That is my affair also."

Lady Laura shrugged her shoulders. "Of course it is; and if you tell me to hold my tongue, of course I will do so. If you ask me whether I think it a good match, of course I must say I do not."

"I don't tell you to hold your tongue, and I don't ask you what you think about the match. You are quite welcome to talk as much about me as you please;—but as to Mr. Phineas Finn, you have no business to think anything."

"I shouldn't talk to anybody but yourself."

"I am growing to be quite indifferent as to what people say. Lady Baldock asked me the other day whether I was going to throw myself away on Mr. Laurence Fitzgibbon."

"No!"

"Indeed she did."

"And what did you answer?"

"I told her that it was not quite settled; but that as I had only spoken to him once during the last two years, and then for not more than half a minute, and as I wasn't sure whether I knew him by sight, and as I had reason to suppose he didn't know my name, there might, perhaps, be a delay of a week or two before the thing came off. Then she flounced out of the room."

"But what made her ask about Mr. Fitzgibbon?"

"Somebody had been hoaxing her. I am beginning to think that Augusta does it for her private amusement. If so, I shall think more highly of my dear cousin than I have hitherto done. But, Laura, as you have made a similar accusation against me, and as I cannot get out of it with you as I do with my aunt, I must ask you to hear my protestation. I am not in love with Mr. Phineas Finn. Heaven help me;—as far as I can tell, I am not in love with any one, and never shall be." Lady Laura looked pleased. "Do you know," continued Violet, "that I think I could be in love with Mr. Phineas Finn, if I could be in love with anybody." Then Lady Laura looked displeased. "In the first place, he is a gentleman," continued Violet. "Then he is a man of spirit. And then he has not too much spirit;—not that kind of spirit which makes some men think that they are the finest things going. His manners are perfect;—not Chesterfieldian, and yet never offensive. He never browbeats any one, and never toadies any one. He knows how to live easily with men of all ranks, without any appearance of claiming a special status for himself. If he were made Archbishop of Canterbury to-morrow, I believe he would settle down into the place of the first subject in the land without arrogance, and without false shame."



"You are his eulogist with a vengeance."

"I am his eulogist; but I am not in love with him. If he were to ask me to be his wife to-morrow, I should be distressed, and should refuse him. If he were to marry my dearest friend in the world, I should tell him to kiss me and be my brother. As to Mr. Phineas Finn,—those are my sentiments."

"What you say is very odd."

"Why odd?"

"Simply because mine are the same."

"Are they the same? I once thought, Laura, that you did love him;—that you meant to be his wife."

Lady Laura sat for a while without making any reply to this. She sat with her elbow on the table and with her face leaning on her hand,—thinking how far it would tend to her comfort if she spoke in true confidence. Violet during the time never took her eyes from her friend's face, but remained silent as though waiting for an answer. She had been very explicit as to her feelings. Would Laura Kennedy be equally explicit? She was too clever to forget that such plainness of speech would be, must be more difficult to Lady Laura than to herself. Lady Laura was a married woman; but she felt that her friend would have been wrong to search for secrets, unless she were ready to tell her own. It was probably some such feeling which made Lady Laura speak at last.

"So I did, nearly——" said Lady Laura; "very nearly. You told me just now that you had money, and could therefore do as you pleased. I had no money, and could not do as I pleased."

"And you told me also that I had no reason for thinking that he cared for me."

"Did I? Well;—I suppose you have no reason. He did care for me. He did love me."

"He told you so?"

"Yes,—he told me so."

"And how did you answer him?"

"I had that very morning become engaged to Mr. Kennedy. That was my answer."

"And what did he say when you told him?"

"I do not know. I cannot remember. But he behaved very well."

"And now,—if he were to love me, you would grudge me his love?"

"Not for that reason,—not if I know myself. Oh no! I would not be so selfish as that."

"For what reason then?"

"Because I look upon it as written in heaven that you are to be Oswald's wife."

"Heaven's writings then are false," said Violet, getting up and walking away.

In the meantime Phineas was very wretched at home. When he

reached his lodgings after leaving the House,—after his short conversation with Mr. Monk,—he tried to comfort himself with what that gentleman had said to him. For a while, while he was walking, there had been some comfort in Mr. Monk's words. Mr. Monk had much experience, and doubtless knew what he was saying,—and there might yet be hope. But all this hope faded away when Phineas was in his own rooms. There came upon him, as he looked round them, an idea that he had no business to be in Parliament, that he was an impostor, that he was going about the world under false pretences, and that he would never set himself aright, even unto himself, till he had gone through some terrible act of humiliation. He had been a cheat even to Mr. Quintus Slide of the Banner, in accepting an invitation to come among them. He had been a cheat to Lady Laura, in that he had induced her to think that he was fit to live with her. He was a cheat to Violet Effingham, in assuming that he was capable of making himself agreeable to her. He was a cheat to Lord Chiltern when riding his horses, and pretending to be a proper associate for a man of fortune. Why,—what was his income? What his birth? What his proper position? And now he had got the reward which all cheats deserve. Then he went to bed, and as he lay there, he thought of Mary Flood Jones. Had he plighted his troth to Mary, and then have worked like a slave under Mr. Low's auspices,—he would not have been a cheat.

It seemed to him that he had hardly been asleep when the girl came into his room in the morning. "Sir," said she, "there's that gentleman there."

"What gentleman?"

"The old gentleman."

Then Phineas knew that Mr. Clarkson was in his sitting-room, and that he would not leave it till he had seen the owner of the room. Nay,—Phineas was pretty sure that Mr. Clarkson would come into the bedroom, if he were kept long waiting. "Damn the old gentleman," said Phineas in his wrath;—and the maid-servant heard him say so.

In about twenty minutes he went out into the sitting-room, with his slippers on and in his dressing-gown. Suffering under the circumstances of such an emergency, how is any man to go through the work of dressing and washing with proper exactness? As to the prayers which he said on that morning, I think that no question should be asked. He came out with a black cloud on his brow, and with his mind half made up to kick Mr. Clarkson out of the room. Mr. Clarkson, when he saw him, moved his chin round within his white cravat, as was a custom with him, and put his thumb and forefinger on his lips, and then shook his head.

"Very bad, Mr. Finn; very bad indeed; very bad, ain't it?"

"You coming here in this way at all times in the day is very bad," said Phineas.

"And where would you have me go? Would you like to see me down in the lobby of the House?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Clarkson, I don't want to see you anywhere."

"Ah; yes; I daresay! And that's what you call honest, being a Parliament gent! You had my money, and then you tell me you don't want to see me any more!"

"I have not had your money," said Phineas.

"But let me tell you," continued Mr. Clarkson, "that I want to see you;—and shall go on seeing you till the money is paid."

"I've not had any of your money," said Phineas.

Mr. Clarkson again twitched his chin about on the top of his cravat and smiled. "Mr. Finn," said he, showing the bill, "is that your name?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then I want my money."

"I have no money to give you."

"Do be punctual, now. Why ain't you punctual? I'd do anything for you if you were punctual. I would indeed." Mr. Clarkson, as he said this, sat down in the chair which had been placed for our hero's breakfast, and cutting a slice off the loaf, began to butter it with great composure.

"Mr. Clarkson," said Phineas, "I cannot ask you to breakfast here. I am engaged."

"I'll just take a bit of bread and butter all the same," said Clarkson. "Where do you get your butter? Now I could tell you a woman who'd give it you cheaper and a deal better than this. This is all lard. Shall I send her to you?"

"No," said Phineas. There was no tea ready, and therefore Mr. Clarkson emptied the milk into a cup and drank it. "After this," said Phineas, "I must beg, Mr. Clarkson, that you will never come to my room any more. I shall not be at home to you."

"The lobby of the House is the same thing to me," said Mr. Clarkson. "They know me there well. I wish you'd be punctual, and then we'd be the best of friends." After that Mr. Clarkson, having finished his bread and butter, took his leave.

---

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE SECOND READING IS CARRIED.

THE debate on the bill was prolonged during the whole of that week. Lord Brentford, who loved his seat in the Cabinet and the glory of being a Minister, better even than he loved his borough, had taken a gloomy estimate when he spoke of twenty-seven defaulters, and of the bill as certainly lost. Men who were better able than he to make estimates,—the Bonteens and Fitzgibbons on each side of the House, and above all, the Ratlers and Robys, produced lists from day to

day which varied now by three names in one direction, then by two in another, and which fluctuated at last by units only. They all concurred in declaring that it would be a very near division. A great effort was made to close the debate on the Friday, but it failed, and the full tide of speech was carried on till the following Monday. On that morning Phineas heard Mr. Ratler declare at the club that, as far as his judgment went, the division at that moment was a fair subject for a bet. "There are two men doubtful in the House," said Mr. Ratler, "and if one votes on one side and one on the other, or if neither vote at all, it will be a tie." Mr. Roby, however, the whip on the other side, was quite sure that one at least of these gentlemen would go into his lobby, and that the other would not go into Mr. Ratler's lobby. I am inclined to think that the town was generally inclined to put more confidence in the accuracy of Mr. Roby than in that of Mr. Ratler; and among betting men there certainly was a point given by those who backed the Conservatives. The odds, however, were lost, for on the division the numbers in the two lobbies were equal, and the Speaker gave his casting vote in favour of the Government. The bill was read a second time, and was lost, as a matter of course, in reference to any subsequent action. Mr. Roby declared that even Mr. Mildmay could not go on with nothing but the Speaker's vote to support him. Mr. Mildmay had no doubt felt that he could not go on with his bill from the moment in which Mr. Turnbull had declared his opposition; but he could not with propriety withdraw it in deference to Mr. Turnbull's opinion.

During the week Phineas had had his hands sufficiently full. Twice he had gone to the potted peas inquiry; but he had been at the office of the People's Banner more often than that. Bunce had been very resolute in his determination to bring an action against the police for false imprisonment, even though he spent every shilling of his savings in doing so. And when his wife, in the presence of Phineas, begged that bygones might be bygones, reminding him that spilt milk could not be recovered, he called her a mean-spirited woman. Then Mrs. Bunce wept a flood of tears, and told her favourite lodger that for her all comfort in this world was over. "Drat the reformers, I say. And I wish there was no Parliament; so I do. What's the use of all the voting, when it means nothing but dry bread and cross words?" Phineas by no means encouraged his landlord in his litigious spirit, advising him rather to keep his money in his pocket, and leave the fighting of the battle to the columns of the Banner,—which would fight it, at any rate, with economy. But Bunce, though he delighted in the Banner, and showed an unfortunate readiness to sit at the feet of Mr. Quintus Slide, would have his action at law;—in which resolution Mr. Slide did, I fear, encourage him behind the back of his better friend, Phineas Finn.

Phineas went with Bunce to Mr. Low's chambers,—for Mr. Low had in some way become acquainted with the law-stationer's journeyman,—and there some very good advice was given. "Have you asked yourself what is your object, Mr. Bunce?" said Mr. Low. Mr. Bunce declared that he had asked himself that question, and had answered it. His object was redress. "In the shape of compensation to yourself," suggested Mr. Low. No; Mr. Bunce would not admit that he personally required any compensation. The redress wanted was punishment to the man. "Is it for vengeance?" asked Mr. Low. No; it was not for vengeance, Mr. Bunce declared. "It ought not to be," continued Mr. Low; "because, though you think that the man exceeded in his duty, you must feel that he was doing so through no personal ill-will to yourself."

"What I want is, to have the fellows kept in their proper places," said Mr. Bunce.

"Exactly;—and therefore these things, when they occur, are mentioned in the press and in Parliament,—and the attention of a Secretary of State is called to them. Thank God, we don't have very much of that kind of thing in England."

"Maybe we shall have more if we don't look to it," said Bunce stoutly.

"We always are looking to it," said Mr. Low;—"looking to it very carefully. But I don't think anything is to be done in that way by indictment against a single man, whose conduct has been already approved by the magistrates. If you want notoriety, Mr. Bunce, and don't mind what you pay for it; or have got anybody else to pay for it; then indeed——"

"There ain't nobody to pay for it," said Bunce, waxing angry.

"Then I certainly should not pay for it myself if I were you," said Mr. Low.

But Bunce was not to be counselled out of his intention. When he was out in the square with Phineas he expressed great anger against Mr. Low. "He don't know what patriotism means," said the law scrivener. "And then he talks to me about notoriety! It has always been the same way with 'em. If a man shows a spark of public feeling, it's all hambition. I don't want no notoriety. I wants to earn my bread peaceable, and to be let alone when I'm about my own business. I pays rates for the police to look after rogues, not to haul folks about and lock 'em up for days and nights, who is a doing what they has a legal right to do." After that, Bunce went to his attorney, to the great detriment of the business at the stationer's shop, and Phineas visited the office of the *People's Banner*. There he wrote a leading article about Bunce's case, for which he was in due time to be paid a guinea. After all, the *People's Banner* might do more for him in this way than ever would be done by Parliament. Mr. Slide, however, and another gentleman at the *Banner* office, much older than Mr. Slide, who announced himself as

the actual editor, were anxious that Phineas should rid himself of his heterodox political resolutions about the ballot. It was not that they cared much about his own opinions; and when Phineas attempted to argue with the editor on the merits of the ballot, the editor put him down very shortly. "We go in for it, Mr. Finn," he said. If Mr. Finn would go in for it too, the editor seemed to think that Mr. Finn might make himself very useful at the Banner office. Phineas stoutly maintained that this was impossible,—and was therefore driven to confine his articles in the service of the people to those open subjects on which his opinions agreed with those of the People's Banner. This was his second article, and the editor seemed to think that, backward as he was about the ballot, he was too useful an aid to be thrown aside. A member of Parliament is not now all that he was once, but still there is a prestige in the letters affixed to his name which makes him loom larger in the eyes of the world than other men. Get into Parliament, if it be but for the borough of Loughshane, and the People's Banners all round will be glad of your assistance, as will also companies limited and unlimited to a very marvellous extent. Phineas wrote his article and promised to look in again, and so they went on. Mr. Quintus Slide continued to assure him that a "horgan" was indispensable to him, and Phineas began to accommodate his ears to the sound which had at first been so disagreeable. He found that his acquaintance, Mr. Slide, had ideas of his own as to getting into the 'Ouse at some future time. "I always look upon the 'Ouse as my oyster, and 'ere's my sword," said Mr. Slide, brandishing an old quill pen. "And I feel that if once there I could get along. I do indeed. What is it a man wants? It's only pluck,—that he shouldn't funk because a 'undred other men are looking at him." Then Phineas asked him whether he had any idea of a constituency, to which Mr. Slide replied that he had no absolutely formed intention. Many boroughs, however, would doubtless be set free from aristocratic influence by the redistribution of seats which must take place, as Mr. Slide declared, at any rate in the next session. Then he named the borough of Loughton; and Phineas Finn, thinking of Saulsby, thinking of the Earl, thinking of Lady Laura, and thinking of Violet, walked away disgusted. Would it not be better that the quiet town, clustering close round the walls of Saulsby, should remain as it was, than that it should be polluted by the presence of Mr. Quintus Slide?

On the last day of the debate, at a few moments before four o'clock, Phineas encountered another terrible misfortune. He had been at the potted peas since twelve, and had on this occasion targed two or three commissariat officers very tightly with questions respecting cabbages and potatoes, and had asked whether the officers on board a certain ship did not always eat preserved asparagus while the men had not even a bean. I fear that he had been put up to this business by Mr. Quintus Slide, and that he made himself nasty. There was,

however, so much nastiness of the kind going, that his little effort made no great difference. The conservative members of the Committee, on whose side of the House the inquiry had originated, did not scruple to lay all manner of charges to officers whom, were they themselves in power, they would be bound to support and would support with all their energies. About a quarter before four the members of the Committee had dismissed their last witness for the day, being desirous of not losing their chance of seats on so important an occasion, and hurried down into the lobby,—so that they might enter the House before prayers. Phineas here was button-holed by Barrington Erle, who said something to him as to the approaching division. They were standing in front of the door of the House, almost in the middle of the lobby, with a crowd of members around them,—on a spot which, as frequenters know, is hallowed ground, and must not be trodden by strangers. He was in the act of answering Erle, when he was touched on the arm, and on turning round, saw Mr. Clarkson. “About that little bill, Mr. Finn,” said the horrible man, turning his chin round over his white cravat. “They always tell me at your lodgings that you ain’t at home.” By this time a policeman was explaining to Mr. Clarkson with gentle violence that he must not stand there,—that he must go aside into one of the corners. “I know all that,” said Mr. Clarkson, retreating. “Of course I do. But what is a man to do when a gent won’t see him at home?” Mr. Clarkson stood aside in his corner quietly, giving the policeman no occasion for further action against him; but in retreating he spoke loud, and there was a lull of voices around, and twenty members at least had heard what had been said. Phineas Finn no doubt had his privilege, but Mr. Clarkson was determined that the privilege should avail him as little as possible.

It was very hard. The real offender, the Lord of the Treasury, the peer’s son, with a thousand a year paid by the country, was not treated with this cruel persecution. Phineas had in truth never taken a farthing from any one but his father; and though doubtless he owed something at this moment, he had no creditor of his own that was even angry with him. As the world goes he was a clear man,—but for this debt of his friend Fitzgibbon. He left Barrington Erle in the lobby, and hurried into the House, blushing up to the eyes. He looked for Fitzgibbon in his place, but the Lord of the Treasury was not as yet there. Doubtless he would be there for the division, and Phineas resolved that he would speak a bit of his mind before he let his friend out of his sight.

There were some great speeches made on that evening. Mr. Gresham delivered an oration of which men said that it would be known in England as long as there were any words remaining of English eloquence. In it he taunted Mr. Turnbull with being a recreant to the people, of whom he called himself so often the champion.



But Mr. Turnbull was not in the least moved. Mr. Gresham knew well enough that Mr. Turnbull was not to be moved by any words;—but the words were not the less telling to the House and to the country. Men, who heard it, said that Mr. Gresham forgot himself in that speech, forgot his party, forgot his strategy, forgot his long-drawn schemes,—even his love of applause, and thought only of his cause. Mr. Daubeny replied to him with equal genius, and with equal skill,—if not with equal heart. Mr. Gresham had asked for the approbation of all present and of all future reformers. Mr. Daubeny denied him both,—the one because he would not succeed, and the other because he would not have deserved success. Then Mr. Mildmay made his reply, getting up at about three o'clock, and uttered a prayer,—a futile prayer,—that this his last work on behalf of his countrymen might be successful. His bill was read a second time, as I have said before, in obedience to the casting vote of the Speaker,—but a majority such as that was tantamount to a defeat.

There was, of course, on that night no declaration as to what ministers would do. Without a meeting of the Cabinet, and without some further consideration, though each might know that the bill would be withdrawn, they could not say in what way they would act. But late as was the hour, there were many words on the subject before members were in their beds. Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Monk left the House together, and perhaps no two gentlemen in it had in former sessions been more in the habit of walking home arm-in-arm and discussing what each had heard and what each had said in that assembly. Latterly these two men had gone strangely asunder in their paths,—very strangely for men who had for years walked so closely together. And this separation had been marked by violent words spoken against each other,—by violent words, at least, spoken against him in office by the one who had never contaminated his hands by the Queen's shilling. And yet, on such an occasion as this, they were able to walk away from the House arm-in-arm, and did not fly at each other's throat by the way.

"Singular enough, is it not," said Mr. Turnbull, "that the thing should have been so close?"

"Very odd," said Mr. Monk; "but men have said that it would be so all the week."

"Gresham was very fine," said Mr. Turnbull.

"Very fine, indeed. I never have heard anything like it before."

"Daubeny was very powerful too," said Mr. Turnbull.

"Yes;—no doubt. The occasion was great, and he answered to the spur. But Gresham's was the speech of the debate."

"Well;—yes; perhaps it was," said Mr. Turnbull, who was thinking of his own flight the other night, and who among his special friends had been much praised for what he had then done. But of course he made no allusion to his own doings,—or to those of Mr.

Monk. In this way they conversed for some twenty minutes, till they parted; but neither of them interrogated the other as to what either might be called upon to do in consequence of the division which had just been effected. They might still be intimate friends, but the days of confidence between them were passed.

Phineas had seen Laurence Fitzgibbon enter the House,—which he did quite late in the night, so as to be in time for the division. No doubt he had dined in the House, and had been all the evening in the library,—or in the smoking-room. When Mr. Mildmay was on his legs making his reply, Fitzgibbon had sauntered in, not choosing to wait till he might be rung up by the bell at the last moment. Phineas was near him as they passed by the tellers, near him in the lobby, and near him again as they all passed back into the House. But at the last moment he thought that he would miss his prey. In the crowd as they left the House he failed to get his hand upon his friend's shoulder. But he hurried down the members' passage, and just at the gate leading out into Westminster Hall he overtook Fitzgibbon walking arm-in-arm with Barrington Erle.

"Laurence," he said, taking hold of his countryman with a decided grasp, "I want to speak to you for a moment, if you please."

"Speak away," said Laurence. Then Phineas, looking up into his face, knew very well that he had been—what the world calls, dining.

Phineas remembered at the moment that Barrington Erle had been close to him when the odious money-lender had touched his arm and made his inquiry about that "little bill." He much wished to make Erle understand that the debt was not his own,—that he was not in the hands of usurers in reference to his own concerns. But there was a feeling within him that he still,—even still,—owed something to his friendship to Fitzgibbon. "Just give me your arm, and come on with me for a minute," said Phineas. "Erle will excuse us."

"Oh, blazes!" said Laurence, "what is it you're after? I ain't good at private conferences at three in the morning. We're all out, and isn't that enough for ye."

"I have been dreadfully annoyed to-night," said Phineas, "and I wished to speak to you about it."

"Bedad, Finn, my boy, and there are a good many of us are annoyed;—eh, Barrington?"

Phineas perceived clearly that though Fitzgibbon had been dining, there was as much of cunning in all this as of wine, and he was determined not to submit to such unlimited ill-usage. "My annoyance comes from your friend, Mr. Clarkson, who had the impudence to address me in the lobby of the House."

"And serve you right, too, Finn, my boy. Why the devil did you sport your oak to him? He has told me all about it. There ain't such a patient little fellow as Clarkson anywhere, if you'll only let him have his own way. He'll look in, as he calls it, three times a week

for a whole season, and do nothing further. Of course he don't like to be locked out."

"Is that the gentleman with whom the police interfered in the lobby?" Erle inquired.

"A confounded bill discounter to whom our friend here has introduced me,—for his own purposes," said Phineas.

"A very gentleman-like fellow," said Laurence. "Barrington knows him, I daresay. Look here, Finn, my boy, take my advice. Ask him to breakfast, and let him understand that the house will always be open to him." After this Laurence Fitzgibbon and Barrington Erle got into a cab together, and were driven away.

---

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A CABINET MEETING.

AND now will the Muses assist me while I sing an altogether new song? On the Tuesday the Cabinet met at the First Lord's official residence in Downing Street, and I will attempt to describe what, according to the bewildered brain of a poor fictionist, was said or might have been said, what was done or might have been done, on so august an occasion.

The poor fictionist very frequently finds himself to have been wrong in his description of things in general, and is told so roughly by the critics, and tenderly by the friends of his bosom. He is moved to tell of things of which he omits to learn the nature before he tells of them,—as should be done by a strictly honest fictionist. He catches salmon in October; or shoots his partridges in March. His dahlias bloom in June, and his birds sing in the autumn. He opens the opera-houses before Easter, and makes Parliament sit on a Wednesday evening. And then those terrible meshes of the Law! How is a fictionist, in these excited days, to create the needed biting interest without legal difficulties; and how again is he to steer his little bark clear of so many rocks,—when the rocks and the shoals have been purposely arranged to make the taking of a pilot on board a necessity? As to those law meshes, a benevolent pilot will, indeed, now and again give a poor fictionist a helping hand,—not used, however, generally, with much discretion. But from whom is any assistance to come in the august matter of a Cabinet Assembly? There can be no such assistance. No man can tell aught but they who will tell nothing. But then, again, there is this safety, that let the story be ever so mistold,—let the fiction be ever so far removed from the truth, no critic short of a Cabinet Minister himself can convict the narrator of error.

It was a large dingy room, covered with a Turkey carpet, and con-

taining a dark polished mahogany dinner-table, on very heavy carved legs, which an old messenger was preparing at two o'clock in the day for the use of her Majesty's Ministers. The table would have been large enough for fourteen guests, and along the side further from the fire there were placed some six heavy chairs, good comfortable chairs, stuffed at the back as well as the seat,—but on the side nearer to the fire the chairs were placed irregularly; and there were four armchairs,—two on one side and two on the other. There were four windows to the room, which looked on to St. James's Park, and the curtains of the windows were dark and heavy,—as became the gravity of the purposes to which that chamber was appropriated. In old days it had been the dining-room of one Prime Minister after another. To Pitt it had been the abode of his own familiar prandial Penates, and Lord Liverpool had been dull there among his dull friends for long year after year. The Ministers of the present day find it more convenient to live in private homes, and, indeed, not unfrequently carry their Cabinets with them. But, under Mr. Mildmay's rule, the meetings were generally held in the old room at the official residence. Thrice did the aged messenger move each armchair, now a little this way and now a little that, and then look at them as though something of the tendency of the coming meeting might depend on the comfort of its leading members. If Mr. Mildmay should find himself to be quite comfortable, so that he could hear what was said without a struggle to his ear, and see his colleagues' faces clearly, and feel the fire without burning his shins, it might be possible that he would not insist upon resigning. If this were so, how important was the work now confided to the hands of that aged messenger! When his anxious eyes had glanced round the room some half a dozen times, when he had touched each curtain, laid his hand upon every chair, and dusted certain papers which lay upon a side-table,—and which had been lying there for two years, and at which no one ever looked or would look,—he gently crept away and ensconced himself in an easy-chair not far from the door of the chamber. For it might be necessary to stop the attempt of a rash intruder on those secret counsels.

Very shortly there was heard the ring of various voices in the passages,—the voices of men speaking pleasantly, the voices of men with whom it seemed, from their tone, that things were doing well in the world. And then a cluster of four or five gentlemen entered the room. At first sight they seemed to be as ordinary gentlemen as you shall meet anywhere about Pall Mall on an afternoon. There was nothing about their outward appearance of the august wiggery of state craft, nothing of the ponderous dignity of ministerial position. That little man in the square-cut coat,—we may almost call it a shooting-coat,—swinging an umbrella and wearing no gloves, is no less a person than the Lord Chancellor,—Lord Weazeling,—who made a hundred thousand pounds as Attorney-

General, and is supposed to be the best lawyer of his age. He is fifty, but he looks to be hardly over forty, and one might take him to be, from his appearance,—perhaps a clerk in the War Office, well-to-do, and popular among his brother-clerks. Immediately with him is Sir Harry Coldfoot, also a lawyer by profession, though he has never practised. He has been in the House for nearly thirty years, and is now at the Home Office. He is a stout, healthy, grey-haired gentleman, who certainly does not wear the cares of office on his face. Perhaps, however, no minister gets more bullied than he by the press, and men say that he will be very willing to give up to some political enemy the control of the police, and the onerous duty of judging in all criminal appeals. Behind these come our friend Mr. Monk, young Lord Cantrip from the colonies next door, than whom no smarter young peer now does honour to our hereditary legislature, and Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Why Sir Marmaduke has always been placed in Mr. Mildmay's Cabinets nobody ever knew. As Chancellor of the Duchy he has nothing to do,—and were there anything, he would not do it. He rarely speaks in the House, and then does not speak well. He is a handsome man, or would be but for an assumption of grandeur in the carriage of his eyes, giving to his face a character of pomposity which he himself well deserves. He was in the Guards when young, and has been in Parliament since he ceased to be young. It must be supposed that Mr. Mildmay has found something in him, for he has been included in three successive liberal Cabinets. He has probably the virtue of being true to Mr. Mildmay, and of being duly submissive to one whom he recognises as his superior.

Within two minutes afterwards the Duke followed, with Plantagenet Palliser. The Duke, as all the world knows, was the Duke of St. Bungay, the very front and head of the aristocratic old Whigs of the country,—a man who has been thrice spoken of as Prime Minister, and who really might have filled the office had he not known himself to be unfit for it. The Duke has been consulted as to the making of Cabinets for the last five-and-thirty years, and is even now not an old man in appearance;—a fussy, popular, clever, conscientious man, whose digestion has been too good to make politics a burden to him, but who has thought seriously about his country, and is one who will be sure to leave memoirs behind him. He was born in the semi-purple of ministerial influences, and men say of him that he is honestest than his uncle, who was Canning's friend, but not so great a man as his grandfather, with whom Fox once quarrelled, and whom Burke loved. Plantagenet Palliser, himself the heir to a dukedom, was the young Chancellor of the Exchequer, of whom some statesmen thought much as the rising star of the age. If industry, rectitude of purpose, and a certain clearness of intellect may prevail, Planty Pall, as he is familiarly called, may become a great Minister.

Then came Viscount Thrift by himself,—the First Lord of the Admiralty, with the whole weight of a new iron-clad fleet upon his shoulders. He has undertaken the Herculean task of cleansing the dockyards,—and with it the lesser work of keeping afloat a navy that may be esteemed by his countrymen to be the best in the world. And he thinks that he will do both, if only Mr. Mildmay will not resign;—an industrious, honest, self-denying nobleman, who works without ceasing from morn to night, and who hopes to rise in time to high things,—to the translating of Homer, perhaps, and the wearing of the Garter.

Close behind him there was a ruck of Ministers, with the much honoured grey-haired old Premier in the midst of them. There was Mr. Gresham, the Foreign Minister, said to be the greatest orator in Europe, on whose shoulders it was thought that the mantle of Mr. Mildmay would fall,—to be worn, however, quite otherwise than Mr. Mildmay had worn it. For Mr. Gresham is a man with no feelings for the past, void of historical association, hardly with memories,—living altogether for the future which he is anxious to fashion anew out of the vigour of his own brain. Whereas, with Mr. Mildmay, even his love of reform is an inherited passion for an old world Liberalism. And there was with them Mr. Legge Wilson, the brother of a peer, Secretary at War, a great scholar and a polished gentleman, very proud of his position as a Cabinet Minister, but conscious that he has hardly earned it by political work. And Lord Plinlimmon is with them, the Comptroller of India,—of all working lords the most jaunty, the most pleasant, and the most popular, very good at taking chairs at dinners, and making becoming speeches at the shortest notice, a man apparently very free and open in his ways of life,—but cautious enough in truth as to every step, knowing well how hard it is to climb and how easy to fall. Mr. Mildmay entered the room leaning on Lord Plinlimmon's arm, and when he made his way up among the armchairs upon the rug before the fire, the others clustered around him with cheering looks and kindly questions. Then came the Privy Seal, our old friend Lord Brentford, last,—and I would say least, but that the words of no councillor could go for less in such an assemblage than will those of Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Mr. Mildmay was soon seated in one of the armchairs, while Lord Plinlimmon leaned against the table close at his elbow. Mr. Gresham stood upright at the corner of the chimney-piece furthest from Mr. Mildmay, and Mr. Palliser at that nearest to him. The Duke took the armchair close at Mr. Mildmay's left hand. Lord Plinlimmon was, as I have said, leaning against the table, but the Lord Chancellor, who was next to him, sat upon it. Viscount Thrift and Mr. Monk occupied chairs on the further side of the table, near to Mr. Mildmay's end, and Mr. Legge Wilson placed himself at the head of the table, thus joining them as it were into a body. The Home Secretary stood

before the Lord Chancellor screening him from the fire, and the Chancellor of the Duchy, after waiting for a few minutes as though in doubt, took one of the vacant armchairs. The young lord from the Colonies stood a little behind the shoulders of his great friend from the Foreign Office; and the Privy Seal, after moving about for a while uneasily, took a chair behind the Chancellor of the Duchy. One armchair was thus left vacant, but there was no other comer.

"It is not so bad as I thought it would be," said the Duke, speaking aloud, but nevertheless addressing himself specially to his chief.

"It was bad enough," said Mr. Mildmay, laughing.

"Bad enough indeed," said Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, without any laughter.

"And such a good bill lost," said Lord Plinlimmon. "The worst of these failures is, that the same identical bill can never be brought in again."

"So that if the lost bill was best, the bill that will not be lost can only be second best," said the Lord Chancellor.

"I certainly did think that after the debate before Easter we should not have come to shipwreck about the ballot," said Mr. Mildmay.

"It was brewing for us all along," said Mr. Gresham, who then with a gesture of his hand and a pressure of his lips withheld words which he was nearly uttering, and which would not, probably, have been complimentary to Mr. Turnbull. As it was, he turned half round and said something to Lord Cantrip which was not audible to any one else in the room. It was worthy of note, however, that Mr. Turnbull's name was not once mentioned aloud at that meeting.

"I am afraid it was brewing all along," said Sir Marmaduke Morecombe gravely.

"Well, gentlemen, we must take it as we get it," said Mr. Mildmay, still smiling. "And now we must consider what we shall do at once." Then he paused as though expecting that counsel would come to him first from one colleague and then from another. But no such counsel came, and probably Mr. Mildmay did not in the least expect that it would come.

"We cannot stay where we are, of course," said the Duke. The Duke was privileged to say as much as that. But though every man in the room knew that it must be so, no one but the Duke would have said it, before Mr. Mildmay had spoken plainly himself.

"No," said Mr. Mildmay; "I suppose that we can hardly stay where we are. Probably none of us wish it, gentlemen." Then he looked round upon his colleagues, and there came a sort of an assent, though there were no spoken words. The sound from Sir Marmaduke Morecombe was louder than that from the others;—but yet from him it was no more than an attesting grunt. "We have two things



to consider," continued Mr. Mildmay,—and though he spoke in a very low voice, every word was heard by all present,—“two things chiefly, that is; the work of the country and the Queen's comfort. I propose to see her Majesty this afternoon at five,—that is, in something less than two hours' time, and I hope to be able to tell the House by seven what has taken place between her Majesty and me. My friend, his Grace, will do as much in the House of Lords. If you agree with me, gentlemen, I will explain to the Queen that it is not for the welfare of the country that we should retain our places, and I will place your resignations and my own in her Majesty's hands.”

“You will advise her Majesty to send for Lord De Terrier,” said Mr. Gresham.

“Certainly ;—there will be no other course open to me.”

“Or to her,” said Mr. Gresham. To this remark from the rising Minister of the day, no word of reply was made ; but of those present in the room three or four of the most experienced servants of the Crown felt that Mr. Gresham had been imprudent. The Duke, who had ever been afraid of Mr. Gresham, told Mr. Palliser afterwards that such an observation should not have been made ; and Sir Henry Coldfoot pondered upon it uneasily, and Sir Marmaduke Morecombe asked Mr. Mildmay what he thought about it. “Times change so much, and with the times the feelings of men,” said Mr. Mildmay. But I doubt whether Sir Marmaduke quite understood him.

There was silence in the room for a moment or two after Mr. Gresham had spoken, and then Mr. Mildmay again addressed his friends. “Of course it may be possible that my Lord De Terrier may foresee difficulties, or may find difficulties which will oblige him, either at once, or after an attempt has been made, to decline the task which her Majesty will probably commit to him. All of us, no doubt, know that the arrangement of a government is not the most easy task in the world ; and that it is not made the more easy by an absence of a majority in the House of Commons.”

“He would dissolve, I presume,” said the Duke.

“I should say so,” continued Mr. Mildmay. “But it may not im- probably come to pass that her Majesty will feel herself obliged to send again for some one or two of us, that we may tender to her Majesty the advice which we owe to her ;—for me, for instance, or for my friend the Duke. In such a matter she would be much guided probably by what Lord De Terrier might have suggested to her. Should this be so, and should I be consulted, my present feeling is that we should resume our offices so that the necessary business of the session should be completed, and that we should then dissolve Parliament, and thus ascertain the opinion of the country. In such case, however, we should of course meet again.”

“I quite think that the course proposed by Mr. Mildmay will be the best,” said the Duke, who had no doubt already discussed the

matter with his friend the Prime Minister in private. No one else said a word either of argument or disagreement, and the Cabinet Council was broken up. The old messenger, who had been asleep in his chair, stood up and bowed as the Ministers walked by him, and then went in and rearranged the chairs.

"He has as much idea of giving up as you or I have," said Lord Cantrip to his friend Mr. Gresham, as they walked arm-in-arm together from the Treasury Chambers across St. James's Park towards the clubs.

"I am not sure that he is not right," said Mr. Gresham.

"Do you mean for himself or for the country?" asked Lord Cantrip.

"For his future fame. They who have abdicated and have clung to their abdication have always lost by it. Cincinnatus was brought back again, and Charles V. is felt to have been foolish. The peaches of retired ministers of which we hear so often have generally been cultivated in a constrained seclusion;—or at least the world so believes." They were talking probably of Mr. Mildmay, as to whom some of his colleagues had thought it probable, knowing that he would now resign, that he would have to-day declared his intention of laying aside for ever the cares of office.

Mr. Monk walked home alone, and as he went there was something of a feeling of disappointment at heart, which made him ask himself whether Mr. Turnbull might not have been right in rebuking him for joining the Government. But this, I think, was in no way due to Mr. Mildmay's resignation, but rather to a conviction on Mr. Monk's part that he had contributed but little to his country's welfare by sitting in Mr. Mildmay's Cabinet.

---

## CHAPTER XXX.

### MR. KENNEDY'S LUCK.

AFTER the holding of that Cabinet Council of which the author has dared to attempt a slight sketch in the last chapter, there were various visits made to the Queen, first by Mr. Mildmay, and then by Lord De Terrier, afterwards by Mr. Mildmay and the Duke together, and then again by Lord De Terrier; and there were various explanations made to Parliament in each House, and rivals were very courteous to each other, promising assistance;—and at the end of it the old men held their seats. The only change made was effected by the retirement of Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, who was raised to the peerage, and by the selection of—Mr. Kennedy to fill his place in the Cabinet. Mr. Kennedy during the late debate had made one of those speeches, few and far between, by which he had created for himself a Parliamentary reputation; but, nevertheless, all men expressed their great

surprise, and no one could quite understand why Mr. Kennedy had been made a Cabinet Minister.

"It is impossible to say whether he is pleased or not," said Lady Laura, speaking of him to Phineas. "I am pleased, of course."

"His ambition must be gratified," said Phineas.

"It would be, if he had any," said Lady Laura.

"I do not believe in a man lacking ambition."

"It is hard to say. There are men who by no means wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and my husband is one of them. He told me that it would be unbecoming in him to refuse, and that was all he said to me about it."

The old men held their seats, but they did so as it were only upon further trial. Mr. Mildmay took the course which he had indicated to his colleagues at the Cabinet meeting. Before all the explanations and journeyings were completed, April was over, and the much-needed Whitsuntide holidays were coming on. But little of the routine work of the session had been done; and, as Mr. Mildmay told the House more than once, the country would suffer were the Queen to dissolve Parliament at this period of the year. The old Ministers would go on with the business of the country, Lord De Terrier with his followers having declined to take affairs into their hands; and at the close of the session, which should be made as short as possible, writs should be issued for new elections. This was Mr. Mildmay's programme, and it was one of which no one dared to complain very loudly.

Mr. Turnbull, indeed, did speak a word of caution. He told Mr. Mildmay that he had lost his bill, good in other respects, because he had refused to introduce the ballot into his measure. Let him promise to be wiser for the future, and to obey the manifested wishes of the country, and then all would be well with him. In answer to this, Mr. Mildmay declared that to the best of his power of reading the country, his countrymen had manifested no such wish; and that if they did so, if by the fresh election it should be shown that the ballot was in truth desired, he would at once leave the execution of their wishes to abler and younger hands. Mr. Turnbull expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the Ministers' answers, and said that the coming election would show whether he or Mr. Mildmay were right.

Many men, and among them some of his colleagues, thought that Mr. Mildmay had been imprudent. "No man ought ever to pledge himself to anything," said Sir Henry Coldfoot to the Duke;—"that is, to anything unnecessary." The Duke, who was very true to Mr. Mildmay, made no reply to this, but even he thought that his old friend had been betrayed into a promise too rapidly. But the pledge was given, and some people already began to make much of it. There appeared leader after leader in the People's Banner urging the constituencies to take advantage of the Prime Minister's words, and to

show clearly at the hustings that they desired the ballot. "You had better come over to us, Mr. Finn; you had indeed," said Mr. Slide. "Now's the time to do it, and show yourself a people's friend. You'll have to do it sooner or later,—whether or no. Come to us, and we'll be your horgan."

But in those days Phineas was something less in love with Mr. Quintus Slide than he had been at the time of the great debate, for he was becoming more and more closely connected with people who in their ways of living and modes of expression were very unlike Mr. Slide. This advice was given to him about the end of May, and at that time Lord Chiltern was living with him in the lodgings in Great Marlborough Street. Miss Pouncefoot had temporarily vacated her rooms on the first floor, and the Lord with the broken bones had condescended to occupy them. "I don't know that I like having a Lord," Bunce had said to his wife. "It'll soon come to you not liking anybody decent anywhere," Mrs. Bunce had replied; "but I shan't ask any questions about it. When you're wasting so much time and money at your dirty law proceedings, it's well that somebody should earn something at home."

There had been many discussions about the bringing of Lord Chiltern up to London, in all of which Phineas had been concerned. Lord Brentford had thought that his son had better remain down at the Willingford Bull; and although he said that the rooms were at his son's disposal should Lord Chiltern choose to come to London, still he said it in such a way that Phineas, who went down to Willingford, could not tell his friend that he would be made welcome in Portman Square. "I think I shall leave those diggings altogether," Lord Chiltern said to him. "My father annoys me by everything he says and does, and I annoy him by saying and doing nothing." Then there came an invitation to him from Lady Laura and Mr. Kennedy. Would he come to Grosvenor Place? Lady Laura pressed this very much, though in truth Mr. Kennedy had hardly done more than give a cold assent. But Lord Chiltern would not hear of it. "There is some reason for my going to my father's house," said he, "though he and I are not the best friends in the world; but there can be no reason for my going to the house of a man I dislike so much as I do Robert Kennedy." The matter was settled in the manner told above. Miss Pouncefoot's rooms were prepared for him at Mr. Bunce's house, and Phineas Finn went down to Willingford and brought him up. "I've sold Bonebreaker," he said,—“to a young fellow whose neck will certainly be the sacrifice if he attempts to ride him. I'd have given him to you, Phineas, only you wouldn't have known what to do with him."

Lord Chiltern when he came up to London was still in bandages, though, as the surgeon said, his bones seemed to have been made to be broken and set again; and his bandages of course were a sufficient

excuse for his visiting the house neither of his father nor his brother-in-law. But Lady Laura went to him frequently, and thus became acquainted with our hero's home and with Mrs. Bunce. And there were messages taken from Violet to the man in bandages, some of which lost nothing in the carrying. Once Lady Laura tried to make Violet think that it would be right, or rather not wrong, that they two should go together to Lord Chiltern's rooms.

"And would you have me tell my aunt, or would you have me not tell her?" Violet asked.

"I would have you do just as you pleased," Lady Laura answered.

"So I shall," Violet replied, "but I will do nothing that I should be ashamed to tell any one. Your brother professes to be in love with me."

"He is in love with you," said Lady Laura. "Even you do not pretend to doubt his faith."

"Very well. In those circumstances a girl should not go to a man's rooms unless she means to consider herself as engaged to him, even with his sister;—not though he had broken every bone in his skin. I know what I may do, Laura, and I know what I mayn't; and I won't be led either by you or by my aunt."

"May I give him your love?"

"No;—because you'll give it in a wrong spirit. He knows well enough that I wish him well;—but you may tell him that from me, if you please. He has from me all those wishes which one friend owes to another."

But there were other messages sent from Violet through Phineas Finn which she worded with more show of affection,—perhaps as much for the discomfort of Phineas as for the consolation of Lord Chiltern. "Tell him to take care of himself," said Violet, "and bid him not to have any more of those wild brutes that are not fit for any Christian to ride. Tell him that I say so. It's a great thing to be brave; but what's the use of being foolhardy?"

The session was to be closed at the end of June, to the great dismay of London tradesmen and of young ladies who had not been entirely successful in the early season. But before the old Parliament was closed, and the writs for the new election were despatched, there occurred an incident which was of very much importance to Phineas Finn. Near the end of June, when the remaining days of the session were numbered by three or four, he had been dining at Lord Brentford's house in Portman Square in company with Mr. Kennedy. But Lady Laura had not been there. At this time he saw Lord Brentford not unfrequently, and there was always a word said about Lord Chiltern. The father would ask how the son occupied himself, and Phineas would hope,—though hitherto he had hoped in vain,—that he would induce the Earl to come and see Lord Chiltern. Lord Brentford could never be brought to that; but it was sufficiently

evident that he would have done so, had he not been afraid to descend so far from the altitude of his paternal wrath. On this evening, at about eleven, Mr. Kennedy and Phineas left the house together, and walked from the Square through Orchard Street into Oxford Street. Here their ways parted, but Phineas crossed the road with Mr. Kennedy, as he was making some reply to a second invitation to Lough-linter. Phineas, considering what had been said before on the subject, thought that the invitation came late, and that it was not warmly worded. He had, therefore, declined it, and was in the act of declining it, when he crossed the road with Mr. Kennedy. In walking down Orchard Street from the Square he had seen two men standing in the shadow a few yards up a mews or small alley that was there, but had thought nothing of them. It was just that period of the year when there is hardly any of the darkness of night; but at this moment there were symptoms of coming rain, and heavy drops began to fall; and there were big clouds coming and going before the young moon. Mr. Kennedy had said that he would get a cab, but he had seen none as he crossed Oxford Street, and had put up his umbrella as he made his way towards Park Street. Phineas as he left him distinctly perceived the same two figures on the other side of Oxford Street, and then turning into the shadow of a butcher's porch, he saw them cross the street in the wake of Mr. Kennedy. It was now raining in earnest, and the few passengers who were out were scudding away quickly, this way and that.

It hardly occurred to Phineas to think that any danger was imminent to Mr. Kennedy from the men, but it did occur to him that he might as well take some notice of the matter. Phineas knew that Mr. Kennedy would make his way down Park Street, that being his usual route from Portman Square towards his own home, and knew also that he himself could again come across Mr. Kennedy's track by going down North Audley Street to the corner of Grosvenor Square, and thence by Brook Street into Park Street. Without much thought, therefore, he went out of his own course down to the corner of the Square, hurrying his steps till he was running, and then ran along Brook Street, thinking as he went of some special word that he might say to Mr. Kennedy as an excuse, should he again come across his late companion. He reached the corner of Park Street before that gentleman could have been there, unless he also had run; but just in time to see him as he was coming on,—and also to see in the dark glimmering of the slight uncertain moonlight that the two men were behind him. He retreated a step backwards in the corner, resolving that when Mr. Kennedy came up, they two would go on together; for now it was clear that Mr. Kennedy was followed. But Mr. Kennedy did not reach the corner. When he was within two doors of it, one of the men had followed him up quickly, and had thrown something round his throat from behind him. Phineas

understood well now that his friend was in the act of being garrotted, and that his instant assistance was needed. He rushed forward, and as the second ruffian had been close upon the footsteps of the first, there was almost instantaneously a concourse of the four men. But there was no fight. The man who had already nearly succeeded in putting Mr. Kennedy on to his back, made no attempt to seize his prey when he found that so unwelcome an addition had joined the party, but instantly turned to fly. His companion was turning also, but Phineas was too quick for him, and having seized on to his collar, held to him with all his power. "Dash it all," said the man, "didn't yer see as how I was a-hurrying up to help the gen'laman myself?" Phineas, however, hadn't seen this, and held on gallantly, and in a couple of minutes the first ruffian was back again upon the spot in the custody of a policeman. "You've done it uncommon neat, sir," said the policeman, complimenting Phineas upon his performance. "If the gen'laman ain't none the worst for it, it'll have been a very pretty evening's amusement." Mr. Kennedy was now leaning against the railings, and hitherto had been unable to declare whether he was really injured or not, and it was not till a second policeman came up that the hero of the night was at liberty to attend closely to his friend.

Mr. Kennedy, when he was able to speak, declared that for a minute or two he had thought that his neck had been broken; and he was not quite convinced till he found himself in his own house, that nothing more serious had really happened to him than certain bruises round his throat. The policeman was for a while anxious that at any rate Phineas should go with him to the police-office; but at last consented to take the addresses of the two gentlemen. When he found that Mr. Kennedy was a member of Parliament, and that he was designated as Right Honourable, his respect for the garrotter became more great, and he began to feel that the night was indeed a night of great importance. He expressed unbounded admiration at Mr. Finn's success in his own line, and made repeated promises that the men should be forthcoming on the morrow. Could a cab be got? Of course a cab could be got. A cab was got, and within a quarter of an hour of the making of the attack, the two members of Parliament were on their way to Grosvenor Place.

There was hardly a word spoken in the cab, for Mr. Kennedy was in pain. When, however, they reached the door in Grosvenor Place, Phineas wanted to go, and leave his friend with the servants, but this the Cabinet Minister would not allow. "Of course you must see my wife," he said. So they went upstairs into the drawing-room, and then upon the stairs, by the lights of the house, Phineas could perceive that his companion's face was bruised and black with dirt, and that his cravat was gone.

"I have been garrotted," said the Cabinet Minister to his wife.

"What?"



"Simply that;—or should have been, if he had not been there. How he came there, God only knows."

The wife's anxiety, and then her gratitude, need hardly be described,—nor the astonishment of the husband, which by no means decreased on reflection, at the opportune re-appearance in the nick of time of the man whom three minutes before the attack he had left in the act of going in the opposite direction.

"I had seen the men, and thought it best to run round by the corner of Grosvenor Square," said Phineas.

"May God bless you," said Lady Laura.

"Amen," said the Cabinet Minister.

"I think he was born to be my friend," said Lady Laura.

The Cabinet Minister said nothing more that night. He was never given to much talking, and the little accident which had just occurred to him did not tend to make words easy to him. But he pressed our hero's hand, and Lady Laura said that of course Phineas would come to them on the morrow. Phineas remarked that his first business must be to go to the police-office, but he promised that he would come down to Grosvenor Place immediately afterwards. Then Lady Laura also pressed his hand, and looked—; she looked, I think, as though she thought that Phineas would only have done right had he repeated the offence which he had committed under the waterfall of Loughlinter.

"Garrotted!" said Lord Chiltern, when Phineas told him the story before they went to bed that night. He had been smoking, sipping brandy-and-water, and waiting for Finn's return. "Robert Kennedy garrotted!"

"The fellow was in the act of doing it."

"And you stopped him?"

"Yes;—I got there just in time. Wasn't it lucky?"

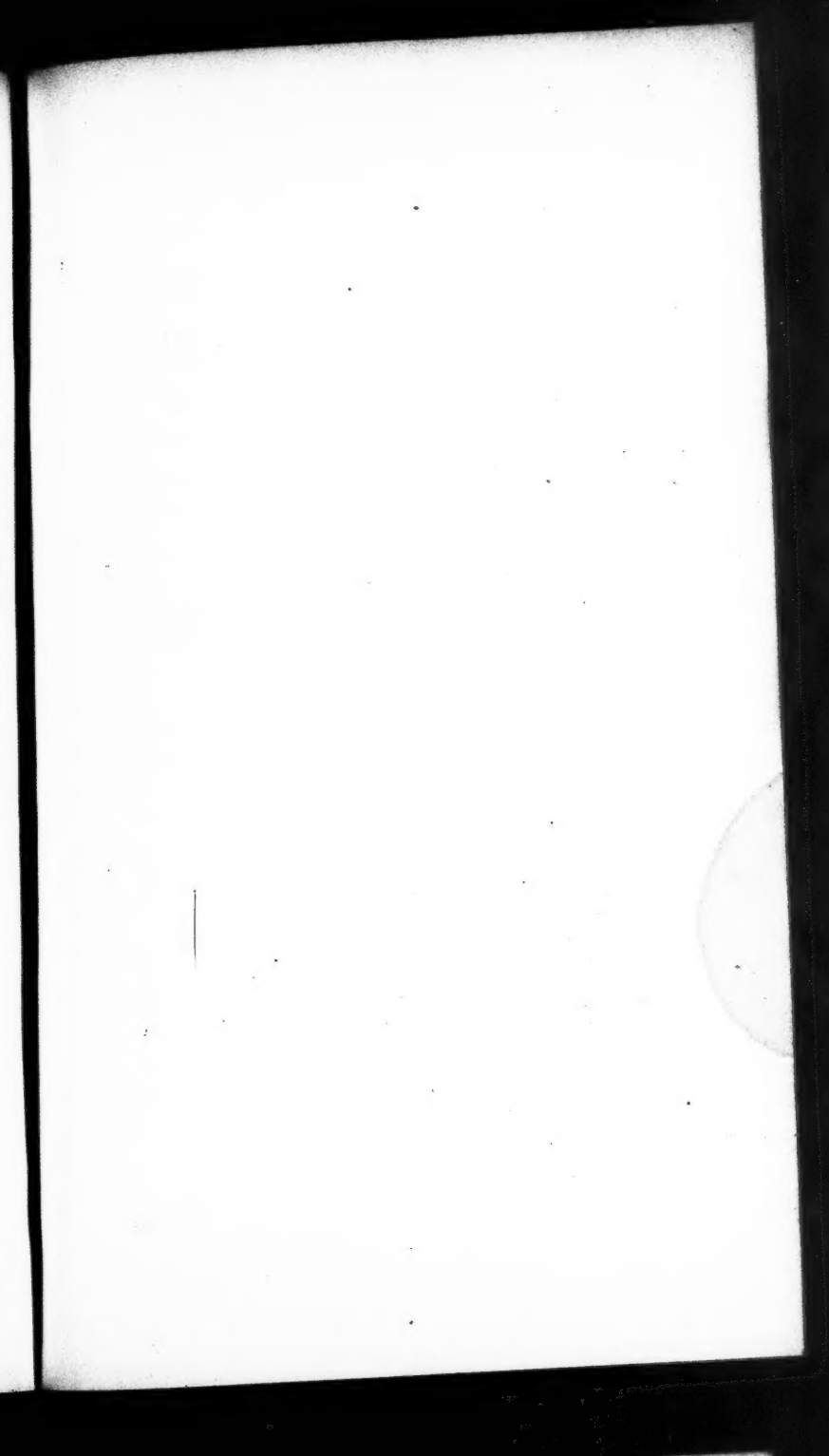
"You ought to be garrotted yourself. I should have lent the man a hand had I been there."

"How can you say anything so horrible? But you are drinking too much, old fellow, and I shall lock the bottle up."

"If there were no one in London drank more than I do, the wine merchants would have a bad time of it. And so the new Cabinet Minister has been garrotted in the street. Of course I'm sorry for poor Laura's sake."

"Luckily he's not much the worse for it;—only a little bruised."

"I wonder whether it's on the cards he should be improved by it;—worse, except in the way of being strangled, he could not be. However, as he's my brother-in-law, I'm obliged to you for rescuing him. Come, I'll go to bed. I must say, if he was to be garrotted I should like to have been there to see it." That was the manner in which Lord Chiltern received the tidings of the terrible accident which had occurred to his near relative.





"I will send for Dr. Macnuthrie at once."